

PRICE



# THE LUDGATE



VOL. V. (NEW SERIES) NO. 29. MARCH, '98.



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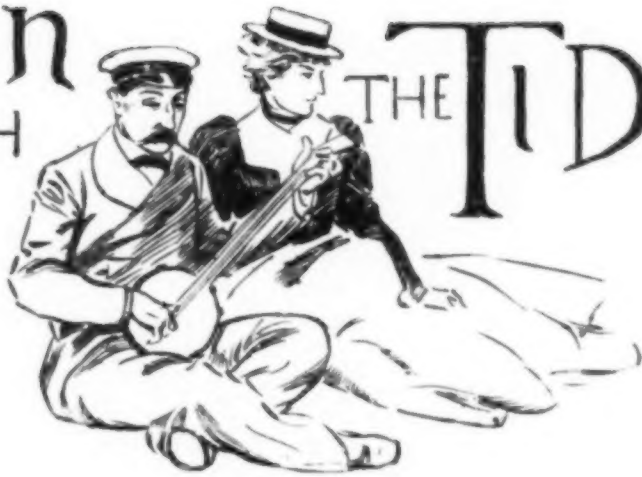
"I'SE INKY"



LITTLE BO-PEEP

Photo by H. C. Shelley

# Down WITH THE TIDE.



WRITTEN BY J. FLYNN. ILLUSTRATED BY O. ECKHARDT



HE east wind blew fresh up the Medway, where it blows for half the year, and the swollen tide was beginning to turn. Tom let go the mooring and I put out the big

sweep to pull us clear of the pleasure boats by Sun Pier, as we swung slowly round into the stream.

"You've altered a good bit since you left Sheerness," said the pater, working the tiller a little to feel the wind, "but I knew you in a moment."

"So did I," said Nora Lee smiling gaily. The smile wasn't for me or anyone in particular, but just because she was newly engaged to Tom and couldn't help smiling.

"We shan't let you go for a few days now we've run across you, old man," said Tom cheerfully.

Mabel said nothing, and we hesitated in grouping ourselves as Tom sprang down from the deck over the little cabin into the well.

"Sit up to windward, all of you," called the pater briskly. "You're not growing a land-lubber, Frank, I trust. I used to have hopes of you."

"It's a long time ago," I suggested apologetically.

"Your own fault, my boy. You've had plenty of invitations. Anyhow, after all the tuition you had from me—and Mab——"

"Help me up on the deck, Tom," interrupted Mabel hastily. "Sit close, Nora, there's a dear, so as to make room for Mr. Hume by father." So Mabel perched up aloft and Nora sat below. Tom stood beside his charming *fiancée*, and I sat over the gunwale barely clear of the tiller.

"Stand by!" called the pater. Tom manipulated the sheets, Mabel scrambled down the hatchway, and we all ducked under the boom as it swung heavily across the boat.

"Thank you; I can manage," said Mabel coldly. But I helped her on to the other side of the deck when we had gone about.

"You'd better stand inside the hatch, Frank," said the pater. "We shall be tacking every few minutes, and you're in my way here. So I stood just beside the deck where she was perched; and she looked straight by me at everything else.

"I'm going to dabble, Tom," announced Nora wilfully. It was an excuse for him to catch hold of her wrists, and they



scarcely heeded the governor's next "Stand by!" Tom grabbed hurriedly at the fore-sheets as we went about. The jib-sheet fouled the anchor-chain, and Tom was looking at Nora instead of the sails, so I sprang over the cabin and cleared it.

"You remember some of my teaching, and Mab's," remarked the pater approvingly.

"Are those shot for South Africa, father?" she asked swiftly. We were passing Chatham Gun Wharf.

"No, my dear, they're old ones—probably the same that were there when we and Frank——"

"O, pater, don't be such an historian! I don't want to go back to a hundred years ago."

It wasn't a couple of years since Mab and I quarrelled; but it had seemed a long time to me.

"All right, my dear. We'll fancy this is the first edition. It makes no difference."

No difference! I thought how we had gone slowly down the tide, that first trip, till it grew dark at the end of Long Reach. In Sea Reach the wind grew fresher, the boat curtsied to the big waves, and I lifted her down under the shelter of the deck, to avoid the spray flying over the bows. I stole her little hand into the pocket of my jacket, and held it there. We sat so close that her straying hair kept brushing against my cheek. No difference! But the pater had eyes for nothing but his boat and the sea.

"Do you remember your first trip, Frank?" he asked.

"As if it were yesterday."

"Ah! I suppose you would, being the first. Stand by! Wake up, Tom! Nora, you scamp, you're spoiling a good sailor."

"All right, gov. There's lots of time."

"You should take me out alone, pater," smiled little Nora, as we scrambled to the other side; "I should do ever so much better than Tom." Then she sat a little closer to him.

"Now I have special reason to recollect that trip," continued the pater, keeping the tiller in place with his elbow

as he loaded his pipe. "Don't you remember, Mab?"

"It was an extra dull dead-beat, wasn't it, dad?" said she, laughing with a steely ring.

"No, no, my dear. Don't you remember that Frank took you ashore?"

"No," she said sharply. "I don't think so."

"But you do, don't you, Frank?"

Remember! I thought how I had pleaded till she leaned towards me in the dark and gave me just one kiss as I rowed.

"O! I suppose it was the night that Fr—— Mr. Hume forgot to send the man back to fetch you in the dinghey," said she. I forgot that there was anyone but Mabel in the world that night.

"Ah! That was *all*! It was a mere stroke of luck that I didn't have to stop aboard all night through you young——"

"You'll be into that barge," she interrupted.

"My dear girl, we've twenty yards to spare. We'll have one reef out, Tom."

"Let me," said I. "Tom is lucky enough to be fully occupied."

"This is my first trip down the Medway, Mr. Hume," pleaded Nora. "Didn't anyone point out all the places on your first trip?"

"Yes — I believe someone did." Mabel's lips curled scornfully, and I thought bitterly that I ought not to have come. "So I'll do all the work this afternoon, Miss Nora, and wipe off my debt to—society in general."

"Then you'll be in debt, Nora," said Tom.

"Yes—to society."

"O, no! To me—heavily."

"It ought to be a privilege to teach such—such a nice person. Oughtn't it, Mr. Hume?"

"Certainly, Tom will be the debtor, of course."

"How much?" asked he. "What did you get paid for being taught, o'd man?"

"O, I wasn't a nice person, I suppose—not so nice as Miss Nora, I'm sure"—she bowed—"so I was the debtor. I'm paying now."

None of them knew of the little

drama—Mabel's and mine. It was so short; and I got transferred from Sheerness to London directly it was over.

"Now she feels it," said our skipper as we got past the long dockyard and tacked towards Upnor Castle. "That's Mab's Church, if you remember." She used to say that she would be married there; but they did not know that she had once promised me.

"Mab has outgrown a good many illusions since then," she said testily, "and doesn't want to be reminded of her follies."

The pater looked up in surprise at the annoyance in her tone, but said nothing. But Nora stretched her hand across me, and put it affectionately upon Mabel's dress.

"Mab is a dear," she pronounced. And, catching her eyes, I thought that she knew.

"Stand by," cried the governor. "The wind has shifted a couple of points, and we ought to be in Sheerness by eight."

"Then I can catch the eight-five up," I suggested.

"Nonsense," cried the pater and Tom in one breath. Nora gave me an appealing look and a tiny touch with her elbow. Could she mean that Mabel would relent? At present she was looking away down Gillingham Reach, as if she and I were in different worlds.

"But we shan't get in by eight, fortunately," said Nora, merrily. "Pater's times are always wrong. O, but you know they are, you wicked old—skipper. That's a proper nautical term, isn't it, Mabel?" But Mabel looked unheedingly at the water.

"Who's going to get tea?" inquired

Tom. "Frank, you used to be cook's mate."

"All right," said I, rousing myself with an effort. We must not go on in this way, or they would suspect something. "You are cook, I suppose, Miss Mabel? I place myself at your command."

So we sat together on the weather side of the tiny cabin, where it was impossible to be far apart. I fished the packages out of the lockers, lit the little oil-stove, filled the kettle from the big



"'I GRANT THE TRUCE'"

jar, and opened the tin of tongue. She got out the provisions, and cut bread and butter; and later on I sliced the tongue and made up the sandwiches. Every time the boat went about we had to change sides, scrambling over as best we could with our plates of provisions and crockery. Of course, there were one or two mishaps, and at last she laughed. She used to be merry.

"Let's have a truce, just for the voyage, Mabel," I whispered. "I'll be off as soon as it's over."

"Very well. It's only an outward truce, Frank. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand. You are very bitter, Mabel."

"Have I cause?" I had flirted ridiculously, inexcusably with some barmaid girl for whom I didn't care two straws, and Mabel had found it out.

"I never denied it. But forgive me for a couple of hours."

"I shall never forgive you; but I grant the truce."

"A complete truce, for two or three hours? To enjoy ourselves?" She glanced at me. "If we can."

"O, I can!" said she.

"I could, if—Mabel?" I put out my hand a little way towards her, but she drew herself away.

"No!" she said, decisively.

"The kettle is boiling over. What are you gossips up to?" called Tom from outside.

"We are laughing over something very silly that happened a long time ago," she answered readily. "You shan't have any tea if you worry."

Then we pulled out the long board, which made a third berth or a table at need, and set the feast—tea, sandwiches, cake, and a boating appetite. What more could one wish? The *Foam* kept luffing up into the wind, and we were making a grand tack past the first fort.

"We shall be in time for the train which Frank would catch if he were not going to spend a few days with us," said the pater complacently, setting down an empty mug.

"I have no luggage."

"We'll set you up, till it comes down."

"Thank you very much; but I'm afraid——"

"Of course, if you'd rather not——" began old Tom in rather a hurt tone.

"O, no! old man," said I hastily. "It isn't that at all. But shan't I be rather in the way?"

"O, Mr. Humel!" cried Nora reproachfully. She had been a pet of mine when she wore short frocks.

"I don't mean you and Tom," I protested with a side glance at Mabel. It would be something to be under the same roof with her.

"I shan't let you be in my way," she said carelessly. "Tom will be terribly

disappointed if you don't come." Was it politeness, or was there a touch of wistfulness in her voice? Anyhow, I would go.

"It would be a very great pleasure to me," I said.

"Then it's settled. Another mug of tea, Mab."

When we finished our picnic the boat was well past the second fort, and put about for another long tack. I washed the things over the side and Mabel wiped them and put them in their places. Once or twice our hands touched, and I thought that she was not so quick in taking hers away. She even granted me a little casual conversation about the steamers that came puffing up the river, and the barges that were beating us in the race down, sailing almost in the eye of the wind.

"Sing us something, Nora," asked the skipper, after more than an hour's beating down Long Reach. Tom got the same old banjo out of the same old locker and looked inquiringly at his *fiancée*.

"Give it to Mr.—Frank. I suppose I may call you that, as you used to give me pennies when I was a little girl?" When Master Tom used to call her a "kid," I remembered.

"A penny is at your service now Miss Nora; but——"

"I'm going to sing your song, you know: 'The Land of Might-Have-Been.'" I wrote the words after Mabel gave me up, and a friend had set them to music. I had often wondered if she had seen them.

"It doesn't suit you, Nora," protested Mabel hastily. "Can't you sing something more cheerful?"

But Tom's *fiancée* stuck wilfully to her intention, and he handed me the banjo. I saw Mabel's lips go white, but I set my teeth and started the plaintive symphony. Nora's merry face grew solemn, and she sat closer to her lover. Then her young contralto rang out over the water, a little shyly at first, but gathering strength as she went on:

*The wind was blowing from the North,  
The waves were tipped with foam,  
At fall of eve our ship sailed forth  
Across the sea to roam;*





"I THOUGHT HER HAND TREMBLED"

*Among the clouds the moon did flit  
To set the earth asheen;  
And all the night we sought for it—  
The Land of Might-have-been.*

The running accompaniment went faster and faster; and Nora had sung her shyness away.

*All through the night we sailed so fast  
We left the world behind;  
The spray flew past, above the mast,  
So eager blew the wind.  
And darker grew the night—so dark  
Nor sea nor sky was seen,  
Then hoarsely cried our captain, "Hark!  
The voice of Might-have-been!"*

Now big chords replaced the rapid arpeggios. Nora's saucy face was big-

eyed and serious, and Mabel looked sad and inscrutable like a Madonna. The governor and Tom laid down their pipes, and my fingers lingered on the chords.

*His child was calling—she who died—  
From out the unknown land;  
And stretching forth beyond the side  
Some held an unseen hand;  
Some heard a song that used to be,  
Some saw an unknown place  
That never was; and I—ah me!  
Methought I saw her face.*

I wrested the passionate chords desperately from the strings, and the music passed into the minor. There were tears in Nora's voice, and in some of our eyes.

"O love!" I raised my voice and cried  
 Unto the shadowland;  
 "One word for me!" No voice replied,  
 Only the moaning of the tide  
 That none can understand.  
 "O, love, one touch of your small hand,  
 One moment's sight of you!"  
 Surely she spoke to me and sighed?  
 No, 'twas the wind that blew.

The chords changed into a monotone that had no meaning, or would not give it up, as the song went back to a colourless major.

*Uprose the red sun in the East;  
 Before his warning gleam  
 The voices, hand-clasps, shadows ceased  
 Like visions of a dream.  
 Our heads upon our hands we cast—  
 The tear-drops fell between—  
 Life's tide runs fast, and we had passed  
 The land of Might-have-been!*

Nora's voice died away in a sob, and my hands trembled as they wrung out the final chords. Tom looked protectingly at his sweetheart, and the pater gazed absently at the peak. Mabel stood up in the hatchway, and turned away from us all; and for a time no one spoke.

"Come, come," said the pater, "you young people have no business to be troubling about 'might-have-beens.' You should be laughing over 'may-be's.'" Tom and Nora smiled at one another, and she stole his handkerchief to brush the tears from her eyelashes.

"Or 'don't cares,'" said Mabel, in a constrained voice.

"But suppose you can't help caring?" I asked.

"O, but I can! Help me up on the deck, please."

So I helped her up and stood beside her, looking gloomily down on the water. It was growing rapidly dusk now, as we went splashing into Sea Reach. The ships at anchor in the

harbour kept growing larger and larger, and the lights of Sheerness twinkled in the distance.

"We shall fetch Port Victoria next tack, if we're lucky, and then we shall have a good run across. The tide will carry us back on the pier in spite of the wind," said our skipper cheerfully. "It's just such another trip as your first one, Frank."

"It might have been," I murmured under my breath, and I felt Mabel shiver. The darkness had invaded the boat and the pater loomed large and distant in the stern, whilst Tom and Nora were whispering with their heads almost touching.

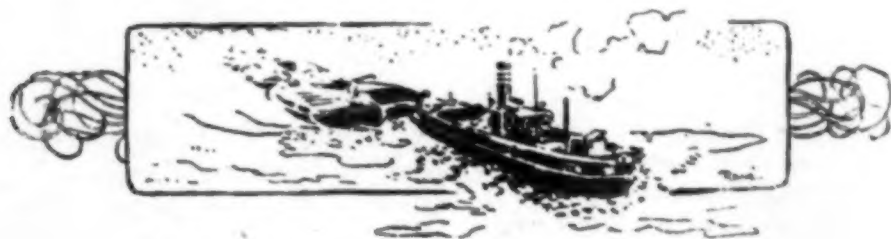
Then we went about, and Mabel hung heavily upon my arm, as if she were tired, as I helped her down and up again on the other side. The old frigates looked ghostly as we crept under their sterns and the torpedo-boat destroyers seemed gliding through the tide to spring upon us. A star or two came peeping out, and the east wind abated its bluster as the night came on. I tried to catch a glimpse of her face, but she kept it turned away. Her slender white hand lay upon the deck very close to mine, and once or twice I thought that it trembled.

I stole my hand nearer and nearer to hers in the dusk, until at last I touched it, and she sat silent and motionless still. My fingers closed over hers very softly and gently and she let me take them in mine and hold them.

"Mabel—dear Mabel," I whispered. She nestled closely against me in the dark with just one quiet little sob. Then she gave me her other hand, and all the way to the pier we were silent.

"You two are very quiet," remarked the pater as we crept up to the moorings.

Then we said something trivial. But the gladness in our voices betrayed us!





CASSIOBURY HOUSE

Photo by F. Downer

## *The Home Secretary at Home*

WRITTEN BY A. WALLIS MYERS. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, Bart., M.P., the present Secretary of State for Home Affairs, is essentially a *home* man. Away from the cares and sorrows of official life he is the very picture of a country gentleman and family man. It is more than probable that he cares infinitely better for a fine rural seat, where he may, surrounded by the members of his family, carry out any little agricultural schemes that attract him, than he does for one in the Cabinet. Sir Matthew has the choice of three dwellings in which he can abide—in London at 10, Carlton House Terrace; in the North at Blagdon, Cramlington, Northumberland; and finally at Cassiobury Park, Watford, an historic old mansion which he has rented from the Earl of Essex. It is to Cassiobury that this article refers.

To every place there is a history were it but duly recorded. Some districts more than others, however, are asso-

ciated with events well known and of more attraction and commanding consequence, and of these the demesne of Cassiobury is surely an instance. Its connection with ancient Verulamium, with the famous monastery of St. Albans, and subsequently with men of distinguished patriotism and merit, jointly and severally give it the impress of importance.

Cassiobury Park is situated within the hundred and manor of Cassio, sixteen miles from London, and one mile from Watford, with which it is ecclesiastically connected. Cassibelanus, the chieftain or prince of the Cassii, a tribe of people who in days gone by occupied this part of Britain, and whose name is associated with the seat, is mentioned in *Cæsar's Commentaries* as a man "of importance, of great bravery, and of military skill." At the time of the invasion by Julius Cæsar the Cassii had their chief station at the famous town of Verulamium, adjoining the present St. Albans, which

is distant eight miles north from Cassiobury, and it was between this point and Cassiobury that the parties probably did most of the fighting. After the Norman Conquest Cassiobury was probably inhabited by abbots or some of their officers.

In 1553 the hamlet was handed over to Sir Richard Morrison, who, in obtaining possession, commenced the building of "a large and fair house, situated upon a dry hill, not far from a pleasant river in a fair park, and had prepared materials for the furnishing thereof; but before



SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY  
Engraved by Scott-Bridgwater, from the painting by  
Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

the same could be half built, he was forced to fly beyond the seas."\* The house was then completed by his son, Sir Charles Morrison, who died in 1597. On the marriage of Elizabeth Morrison (the only surviving child of Sir Richard's grandson), the family property passed to Arthur, Lord Capel, his son and successor being the first Earl of Essex. Since then, up to the time when Sir Matthew White Ridley leased the place, it had always been inhabited by the Essexes.

So much for the history of the house,

\* Britton's "Historical Account of Cassiobury."



LADY WHITE RIDLEY  
Photo by J. Thomson

now for a brief description. When the writer, in the interests of *The Ludgate*, paid a visit of inspection, he was immediately struck by the extensive size and beauty of the park, which embraces an area of 693 acres, of which 310 acres are now called the Home Park, being adjacent to the mansion, and 256 the Upper Park, separated from the former by the River Gade. Parallel with the river is the Grand Junction Canal. The ground declines gently towards the river, adding to the picturesque appearance of the abundant woods, many of the trees in which—both single, in clumps, and in forest-looking masses—are large, old and grand. Beech may be



THE MISSES RIDLEY

said to predominate, but there are large quantities of oak, elm, and fir, a plantation of firs to the north-east of the house resembling an old Norway forest. A feature of one beech-tree is the fact that its branches spread over an area of 130 feet in diameter.

style. A small porch screens the entrance doorway, which opens into a narrow cloister. Then come the large cloisters, with five windows partly filled with stained glass, containing many a memento of past Capel valour. Branching off from the cloister is the saloon, immedi-



MISS RIDLEY AS A MOON FAIRY

Photo by F. Downer

On looking first at the stately mansion, which is encircled by a moat, now partially filled up, one cannot help noticing the ancient bay windows, acute gables, and elaborate chimney-shafts, whilst small cupolas or turrets, balustraded terraces, and other forms and details mark a distinct resemblance to Anglo-Italian or Elizabethan

style. It is placed between the dining and drawing-rooms. Its ceiling is adorned with a painting by Verrio, composed chiefly of allegorical figures of Painting, Sculpture, Music, and War. There are also numerous cabinets painted by the late Countess of Essex. The dining-room commands a fine view of the distant park and its long and lofty vista.



In this compartment there are five full-length portraits and three heads, the work of Vandyck. The room is wainscotted, and some of the pictures are ornamented with elaborate carving. Passing on to the drawing-room, we find it adorned with cabinets and other rich furniture. On its walls are pictures by Turner, Calcott, Collins and Barker. The compartment is a capacious one and con-

picture representing the old Earl and his sister, Lady Monson; while in this room is also an elaborate carved frame by Gibbons. In the small library, topography and antiquities are chiefly to be found. There is a dramatic library which contains the identical handkerchief applied to the wounded shoulder of King William III. by Lord Coningsby at the battle of Boyne in 1690.



THE DRAWING ROOM

Photo by F. Downer

tains many relics of bygone days. The Great Library, in which Sir Matthew is very wont to linger, is stored with those treasures of never-dying philosophy and learning, which men of talents have bequeathed through the printing press to all the world. The books are extensively and judiciously arranged, being divided into four classes: (1) The Classics, History, Travel and Philosophy; (2) Topography and Archæology; (3) Poetry and Novels; and (4) Dramatic and Miscellaneous. Sir Joshua Reynolds has a

Pictures by celebrated artists are also present in these compartments, Edwin Landseer, R.A., having a work entitled "The Cat's Paw"; while there is a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds painted by himself, and masterpieces by Moorland, Cooper, Jones and Good.

The Gardens of Cassiobury are laid out on a very lavish scale, and their contents, far better now than formerly, are distinguished amongst the floral beauties of England. The pleasure gardens occupy eight acres and are

in smooth lawns, devious paths, and umbrageous dells. In the beds is displayed every variety of floral bloom. Greenhouses and hothouses are interspersed, while a conservatory for select flowers screens the library and drawing-room. Amongst other objects of interest in the gardens are two large granite balls or shots, which were thrown from mortars in the Castle of Abydos, Alexandria, into the *Endymion* frigate, commanded by the Hon. Captain Bladen

deed, on whose hands ultimately hangs the fate of every murderer condemned to death. Yet it must not be supposed that Sir Matthew is not devoted to duty. When Parliament is not actually sitting he is always to be found at the Home Office four or five times a week, while his bag arrives at Cassiobury every day from town by post. Then the Under-Secretaries are often down at Watford in deliberation with their chief. No man can show more



THE GARDENS  
Photo by F. Downer

Capel, in the year 1807. There is a long avenue stretching from the back of the gardens to Hemel Hempstead Road, the wooded precincts of which contain many varieties of game.

In this charming family seat, barely half an hour's railway journey from Euston, Sir M. W. Ridley spends most of his leisure time. To see him, habited in a light tweed Norfolk suit, smoking an asbestos pipe—which, by the way, is his only make—and riding his bicycle or his horse in the park, makes it hard to believe that he is a member of her Majesty's Cabinet—the Minister, in-

mercy than Sir Matthew White Ridley; he enters minutely into every detail of the case submitted to him by petitioning friends of any convicted prisoner.

It cannot be said that the Home Secretary cares much for society life. He prefers a quiet homely life, and in this respect his views are shared by Lady White Ridley, a most charming personality, who seems to bring sunshine wherever she goes. The daughter of the late Lord Tweedmouth and sister of the present peer, she holds the peculiar position of being closely related to members of a past and a present Cabinet,

the politics of which are directly opposed to each other. Lady Ridley is a keener cyclist than her husband, and often rides down the Watford streets unaccompanied—though always recognised.

Sir Matthew has become extremely popular in the Hertfordshire town, joining heartily in any good work going on. Only last Boxing Day he walked up to the West Herts football ground from his house in order to witness a Bank Holiday match, which he did surrounded by all the local partisans. Ceremony and pomp are not included in Sir Matthew's dictionary.

The family is not a large one, consisting of one son and two daughters. The former is a keen athlete and sportsman, and report has stated that he is soon to follow in the steps of his respected father, who sits for Blackpool, and seek Parliamentary honours. Though the sire cannot be characterised as a statesman of exceptional brilliancy, yet the son might well follow his example in the straightforward dealing, consistency and firmness which the former displays in his official and private life.

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### IN MARCH

---

YOU reached the corner of the street:  
 The wind was glad to meet you there;  
 He stirred your skirts to touch your feet,  
 He stole your hat to kiss your hair;  
 And on your cheeks he made appear  
 The earliest roses of the year.

YOU stood o'erwhelmed at his embrace.  
 I saw one dainty instep arch  
 Indignantly; I watched your face  
 Protesting at the ways of March.  
 You smiled, and yet there peeped a tear—  
 The earliest dewdrop of the year.

YOU shunned the gaze of other girls  
 Until I brought your hat again.  
 Ashamed? Why, with your darling curls  
 You were a joy for gods and man!  
 Your gentle thanks came shy but clear—  
 The earliest music of the year.

So, talking of a year ago,  
 To-day we tread the old grey street.  
 But now there's something that we know  
 To make the wild air strangely sweet.  
 Can you and I forget, my dear,  
 That March brings in our hearts' New Year!

J. J. BELL.



WRITTEN BY F. NORREYS CONNELL. ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER

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### *V.—THE LAUGHTER OF LIFE*

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**C**HOLERA: it came upon us without warning. We were nine hundred strong: it took the Colonel, it took the Adjutant and two subalterns; it took the Sergeant-Major, three company buglers, with two hundred rank and file.

The first day no death was reported in camp; the doctor, gone mad from overwork, emptied a laudanum phial. Then it left us.

And then we had a new Colonel, a new Adjutant, a new Sergeant-Major, new subalterns, new buglers, new privates and a new doctor, and proceeded to forget all about it. But if Michael had not kept me back, the thing would have taken me.

Cholera had ever been a fascinating newspaper word for me, and when the disease broke out among us at Rateldum, in Madras, my first feeling was one of awed interest.

The Colonel, who within six weeks had come to us from the other battalion, was the first to go. They moved us into cholera camp at once, but ere the tents were pegged the junior subaltern and a baker's dozen of men had followed their

leader. The officers spent their money pretty freely to amuse their men, and the Government of India hurried up the supply of new Lee-Metford magazine-rifles to occupy their minds; but the disease was not to be beguiled. Whole sections, after a cursory study of the "Cut-off," dropped the plaything and whined for death.

And it was not the hard tipplers that went, nor was it the weedy shavelings pledged to sobriety, but the steady drinkers—the men who never took more than enough. They went out like candles blown upon. We gave up funeral music, we gave up firing-parties, we buried our dead by batches in the night. A mess-waiter succumbed behind my chair one evening during dinner.

Yet the horror of the thing held off me until, seeking Earle to give him some musketry report, I found him lying stark across the orderly-room table, his right hand holding a gnawed and mangled quill, his left cleaving deep down in his blotter. From that time weakness entered my heart, and I thought that I could not escape the disease. I would look round as I walked, expecting to see

it palpably come upon me. Each corpse we buried I said to myself: "That is I!"

Then I sickened; and being a man who had studied all his life to hide his emotions, now that control was gone I whined more balefully than any other. I heard it said that the sooner I went the better, for it made a hale man bad to leave me. But day after day I clung to

"and how are you to-day? Better again? That's right. 'Tis well you're looking, sir; the rest is doing you good."

Although this formula never deceived me, it always cheered me up to smiling point, and I would answer with feeble mimicry of his tone, "Splendid! tip-top!" Then lose my brain again and, mayhap, gabble phrases from the drill-book what time I watched the doctor answer Michael's eyes with a head-shake and a shrug. I now sometimes think that I was partly responsible for that doctor's lunacy. When men get cholera, as a rule they die within twelve hours; once in a way they recover within forty-eight; but here was I taking neither one course nor the other. I lay in my tent swathed in silk and flannel bandages, with brandy and champagne at my



"LYING STARK ACROSS THE ORDERLY-ROOM TABLE"

life, always threatening to grow worse but denying final surrender. I would rave with the fear of death, maundering about Michael, and Behnke and Masham, and Earle and the Tinspires. Michael I had most continually in my mind, and at all times could recognise him. In an Indian cholera camp men and officers are more to one another than in an English barrack, and at least once a day I was allowed to see him. The healthiest man left us; he was worn to skin and bone by the incessant round of extra duties, yet I saw him always with a smile on his lips and brightness in his eye. Indeed, never had I known him outwardly depressed for long save at Khandara.

"Well, Master Percy," he would say,

elbow, unprepared to live or die, always looking forward to Michael's visit as the one thing of importance in the world.

One morning, when I felt at my worst, he failed me. Half an hour and an hour passed. I grew anxious and irritable. I dreaded that he had in his turn fallen a victim to the epidemic, and screwed together my strength to inquire of the doctor when he called.



"Michael Niel!" said he, thoughtfully; "haven't seen or heard of him. The Moplahs are making hay in the Bazaar, and all the men fit for duty have been called out. No doubt he's down there. It's a godsend to these Tommies to have a little scrap."

Cheerfully as the doctor took his point of view, I reflected that the few score of soldiers fit to stand to their arms could muster no great force to quell a riot among fanatics; and though my more immediate fears were allayed, anxiety of a lesser kind took root within me and grew with the day. I thought of Michael, disabled by a wound from coming to see me, and my eyes watered with self-pity. My whole hope was centred in the influence his personality had upon my temperament, and I convinced myself that twenty hours without the sight of him would end in collapse. Longing desperately for him to come I ran dreamily through the scenes which we had played together until startled from my reverie by the distant grinding of musketry.

They were at it in the Bazaar, it seemed.

My thoughts flew back to Michael, and I grew childishly sentimental about the risk he was running, thinking now not merely of myself, be it said, although I thought of myself most. Life never before had seemed so full of horror. I imagined Michael struck down in this inglorious free fight, while I in obscurity yielded my last breath to the foul pestilence; and I longed for the braver dangers we had shared. Better to have followed St. Patrick over the rampart of Fort Dufferin than to finish thus.

Although the misery of the thing became more and more bitter, the grief did not as usual grow tumultuous and turn to raving, but left me exhausted and sunken in that excessive despond which in cholera shadows forth extinction. I closed my eyes, giving myself to despair.

Michael came at last.

It was night, and seen by the flickering candle light he was pale to sickliness. My first glance made out his

features drawn with pain, but looking closer, he was smiling.

"Glad to see you better, sir," he said.

I querulously answered that on the contrary I was worse, and all but reproached him for missing his morning visit, although I knew it had not been for him to come or stay. He expressed sorrow at hearing I was not so well as he had hoped, and set about tidying my surroundings, doing everything with an unwonted awkwardness which irritated me, and for a moment led me to believe that he was drunk.

"I suppose you enjoyed yourself at the Bazaar?" I said, dully aiming at sarcasm.

"It was very pleasant, thank you, sir," was his rejoinder. "I've brought back a few things for you to look at."

This quaint speech called my attention to some little parcels he drew from his haversack with a ludicrously odd movement of the arm which had already tickled my weary humour. I thought he did it to amuse me, but was too ill-tempered to gratify him by remark.

He talked on a little feverishly.

"Yes, sir, 'twas very beautiful in the Bazaar; the Moplah gentlemen were bhanged up pretty fair, and at first they gave us a warm time, as we could only fire an odd round for fear of slaughterin' the innocents. But presently we upped and closed with the bay'net, and then we made our joke. You'd have laughed, sir, to see us scrimmaging after them as they hooked it through the shops. Two light-limbed fellows I cornered looting a goldsmith's place, and, by Moses's harper, that man was pleased to see me tackle them. He thought me an officer, because I had dropped my rifle for safety, and did the trick with only my short sword bay'net in my hand. 'Lord Sahib,' said he, when the thing was done, 'Lord Sahib, take all I have.' 'I'm not a Lord Sahib,' said I, 'I'm Michael O'Donoghue Niel, No. 1,971 in the Royal Border Light Infantry.' With that he took up a tray of his queer, foolish trinkets, and told me to choose. 'Things for servant girls,' said I; 'take 'em away.' Then he and I looked at each other, and, said I, 'Have you

nothing for a sick man?' And O! sir, when he heard what I said, that little weazened Hindu had such wise eyes in him! Suddenly he wallops on the floor and pulls up a brown paper parcel. 'From over the strange seas,' says he. And he opens the brown paper parcel, and he

"May I show 'em to you, sir?" said Michael.

"Let's see them," I answered.

With that he unrolled the paper from one of the packages and disclosed two little metal figures which, in the gloom, I took for small idols. These he pro-



"WOBBLED INCESSANTLY TO AND FRO"

pulls out such things as I've never seen before but once in a shop window in Patrick Street, Cork. 'There's for your sick man,' says he; and I've took 'em on trust and brought them to you, every one. They're here in my haversack."

This was too much for my sullenness, and now I looked at Michael questioningly.

ceeded to connect in some way with twine, and having otherwise manipulated, finally tied them to the bars at the end of my bed, where they wobbled incessantly to and fro. I now perceived that they were nothing more or less than a pair of mechanical toy wrestlers—such things as had amused me not a little in my youth, but the antics of which now proved tolerably dull.

If strength for it had been in me I might have cursed Michael for an idle fool. It seemed an offence against humanity that on my death-bed, as in my indignation I was pleased to think

in the handling certain by-play of Michael's arm which, as I have said before, caught my jaded fancy.

When this plaything began to pall, Michael produced another which was, I fancy, of German origin: it was a really entertaining clockwork contrivance by which a little donkey-cart ran round in a circle, the beast incessantly plunging



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"I'M AFRAID IT MUST COME OFF"

it, I should be insulted by such entertainment.

Comprehending that I was not greatly interested, Michael soon put away the toy, and without evincing the smallest disappointment at my lack of appreciation, set forth another.

This was a monkey bestriding a horizontal-bar; it worked on much the same principle as the first, but was slightly more funny, or rather, it required

and the driver tugging at its head. This kept my attention for eight or ten minutes, but gradually I relapsed into lethargy and felt of a mind to vote Michael and his toys rather worse than death.

One more package he unwrapped. This I did not even bother to look at, though he made considerable fuss in the preparation of its performance, and I was dozing away when my attention

was aroused by the sharp rasping cluck of a hen, and lifting my head I saw strut about the flooring of my tent a richly-plumaged fowl flapping its wings as it ran. I made a feeble effort to throw my watch at it, when the movement was arrested by the sight of the bird stopping dead in the middle of the floor and giving forth a huge scarlet egg. I thought myself dreaming, but Michael stepped forward and with the same droll movement of his arm broke the egg in two and produced from it a small American flag.

This was too much for me, and with a wild gasp which must have startled the neighbouring tents, I burst into a paroxysm of laughter, which came back again and again, until, exhausted with mirth, I sank into profound sleep.

It was early daylight when I wakened. Michael sat beside me. The toy lay with ruffled feathers on the floor, the great red egg and the flag beside it.

The sight of it set me off laughing again, and I marked the strength of my voice.

"I feel jolly fit," I cried at last.

"You are, sir," cried Michael. "You are. You've not been like this for a month."

Then he jumped to his feet in a light-

hearted way, shouting, "There's a band playing 'Garry Owen.' I must dance or die . . . And we're not going to die, are we Master Percy? We're not going to die?"

He paused and stood shakily to attention as the doctor came in.

The latter glanced at me and said:

"You're all right. I don't believe you've had more than funk the whole time."

Then his eye fell on Michael.

"What's the matter with your arm, my man?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Michael.

"No nonsense," said the doctor sternly.

"Bend your right arm."

Michael made an offer to do so, then sank into a chair.

"I can't, sir."

In a second the doctor had ripped the tunic sleeve from the shoulder and rolled up Michael's shirt. The fore arm was wrapped in a bloody cloth; above the elbow was a jagged row of festering cuts.

The doctor stared at it.

"If I'd only known at once! Why didn't you come to me at once? I'm afraid it must come off," he said.

"Very good, sir," said Michael calmly.

But thank God, he was saved from that.

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## THE DUEL

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I FOUGHT with my friend last night,  
And it was not with honest swords;  
No steel sprang out to gleam and bite:  
We fought with poor, mean words.

From my pride my tongue gave sound,  
I spoke for my anger's sake,  
And I left him stabbed with a deeper wound  
Than ever a sword can make.

To-day I know aright  
That my soul were in better stead  
Were he lying still where we met last night,  
And the words that I spoke unsaid.

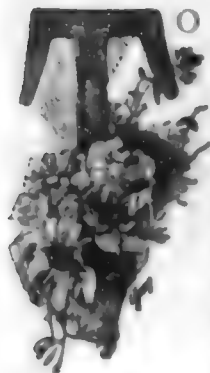
W. MUDFORD.



WEIGHTS SEIZED FROM COSTERS' BARROWS

## Justice in the Scales

WRITTEN BY E. SIXELLA. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



O weigh accurately a given quantity of anything is by no means so simple a matter as might be supposed. Mathematically speaking, it is practically impossible to obtain an absolutely accurate record of the exact weight of a substance. But the practised

scientist who is provided with weights and scales of the necessary delicacy and precision is able to determine the bulk of a small object to within a decimal point of a thousandth of a grain. In the weighing of articles of daily use—groceries, provisions, bread, flour, coal, &c.—such exactitude is, of course, neither expected nor obtainable; but there should at least be a near approach to accuracy in the weights of one's purchases, and the general public have an undoubted right to expect to receive a fairly average full weight of what they buy.

The weights and measures legalised in this country are all based on two standards—the Imperial yard and the Imperial pound—from which all the others are derived. Thus the Imperial gallon contains ten pounds weight of water at a

certain temperature, the Imperial bushel contains eight gallons, and so on; and it is illegal to sell commodities except by either the Imperial weights or the Imperial measures as laid down by law. The carrying-out of the provisions of the various Weights and Measures Acts is relegated to the local authorities, the County Councils, which appoint officers specially trained, who are known as local inspectors of weights and measures, and whose duties are to inspect and test all weights, measures, and weighing machines in their districts. Every local inspector is provided with a complete set of "local standards," which are carefully made copies of the actual Imperial standards kept at the Standards Office of the Board of Trade, about which an article of mine recently appeared in *The Ludgate*, and these local standards are compared with the originals from time to time, and any variation in their exactitude corrected so as to maintain them to within a decimal point of absolute accuracy.

The work of the local inspector is many-sided. He not only tests all weights and measures which may be submitted to him, but he stamps all new weights, &c., before they are used for purposes of trade, it being illegal to use such things



unless they bear the verification stamp. In addition to these duties, the inspector has to play the part of detective and make constant tours of inspection, especially in shops and street markets, where he has reason to believe that short weight is frequently given. The supervision of this important work in London is in the hands of Mr. Alfred Spencer, the Chief Officer of the Public Control Department of the London County Council, to whom I am under obligation for much valuable information.

It will serve to give an idea of the vast amount of work undertaken by this department if I quote a few figures from the last returns available. No fewer than 1,038,048 weights and measures

This statement sounds startling, but it is none the less true. Excepting in one solitary commodity, coal, the sale of which is specially governed by the Act of 1889, there is no penalty of any kind for giving short weight; and I have the unquestionable authority of such experts as Mr. J. P. Stubbs, one of the County Council inspectors and an enthusiast in matters connected with weights and measures, and others who have assisted me in my inquiry, for stating that until the giving of short weight is made an offence at law, the public will never be protected against fraud. The subject is an extremely interesting one, but I propose to devote the space at my disposal to the publication of actual methods of



THE RESULT OF INVESTIGATION

were tested, found correct and stamped during the year 1895-6, while 272,709 more were rejected as incorrect. The inspection of scales and weights made during the same period amounted to 896,271, and of these 28,931 were found to be incorrect or fraudulent.

It is greatly to be regretted that so far as preventing fraud goes, the existing Weights and Measures Acts are largely inoperative. The law is very precise as to the exactness of all scales, weights and measures used for trade. But here its requirements end, and provided a shop-keeper or a costermonger supplies himself with scales and weights which are stamped and will bear the inspector's test, he can cheat as much as he pleases without incurring any penalty whatever.

fraud which have been detected, rather than to the urging of theories.

The evidence I have collected on the subject under consideration brings out certain principles which are very curious. It seems that the poorer the neighbourhood the greater the cheating is the rule, and that while the big shops are very particular about giving full measure, the small slum depôts are exceedingly careless, while the coster and peripatetic dealer never gives full weight if he can help it. In every local inspector's office are a number of scales, weights and measures which have been seized as being fraudulent, and nine out of ten hail from street stands. In the majority of cases the weights have been either hollowed out and filled up with cork or scooped out on the under side until only

half the weight denominated is actually in the scale.

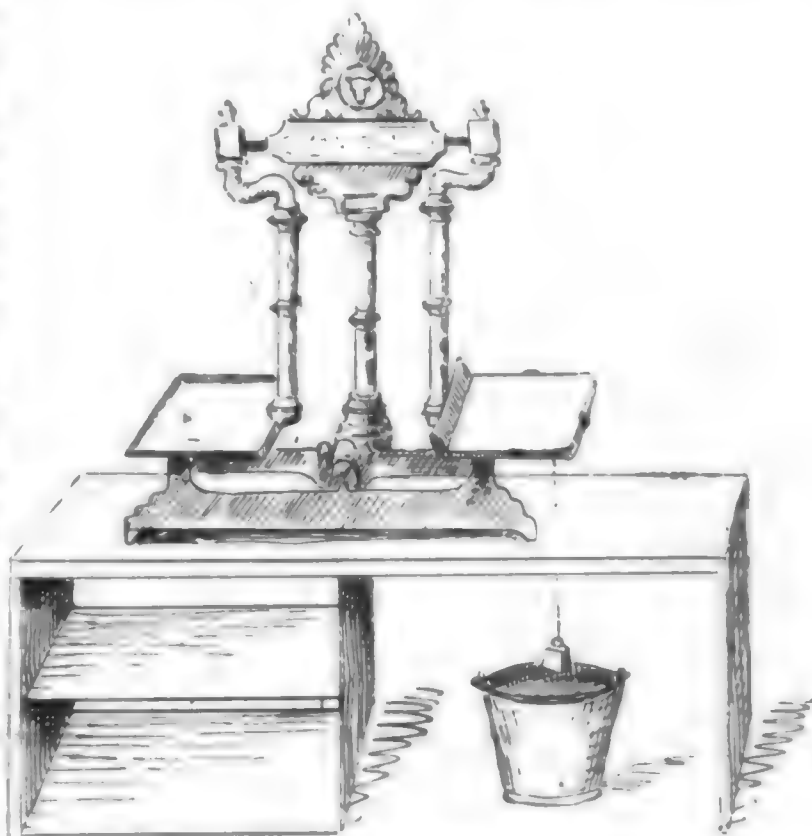
In order to show what a difference prosecution for short weight would make to the consumer, it is only necessary to relate an incident which occurred in 1890, when the County Council first took over the duty of checking the weight of coal delivered in sacks. The method employed is for the inspector to drive about in a specially constructed closed conveyance, which, when opened, is found to contain a pair of scales, with weights capable of weighing a sack of coals. There are sixteen of these vehicles patrolling London every day. The inspector stops any coal van he meets, and requires the man in charge to put any sack he chooses on the official scale. At first it was a rare event to find a sack containing the proper allowance, but constant inspection and frequent prosecutions, with the attendant £5 fine, has changed this to such a degree that it is now extremely rare to find a sack short.

A householder living in Highbury had for many years had his coals in, from the same firm, in four-ton lots.

One day in 1890, while having the customary supply of coals in, the carman asked him where he was to put the last five sacks, *as they would not go in the cellar, which would only hold three and a half tons!* This incident tells its own tale. He had been swindled out of half a ton or more every time he had bought coals for a series of years.

Turning from coal to milk, it is a very rare thing to obtain full measure of this useful fluid. It is poured in and out of the measure with such rapidity that, to quote the words of

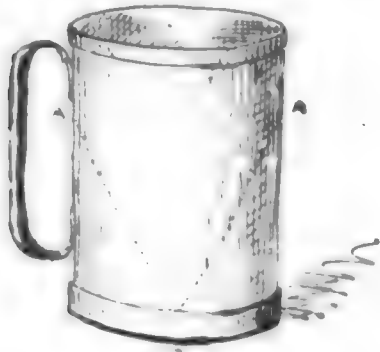
an inspector, the measure is never full and never empty. But this is a small matter in point of value. It is in the manipulations of the butcher, or, to be more correct, of some butchers, that the customer loses most heavily. The dodges practised in some of the poorer markets, especially those doing a large Saturday night trade, are both original and daring in their barefacedness. An inspector, going into a butcher's



SCALES OF THE DISHONEST BUTCHER

shop, stated his business, and proceeded to examine the scales on the counter. As he did so he noticed the butcher seize a long knife and make a cut along the top of the counter immediately under the pan of the scale, but it did not occur to him that the movement had any special object. However, when he lifted the pan, he found a piece of string tied round the iron frame of the scale, and his attention was attracted to a small hole bored through the counter immediately below. Further examination showed that under the hole

in the counter was a pail full of sawdust, in the middle of which was a quarter of a pound weight to which half a yard of string was tied. And then the swindle became evident, for the weight had hung



A SWINDLING MEASURE

from the under side of the pan, and customers had received four ounces short weight in all their purchases. The butcher had hoped to evade detection by simply cutting the string, and so letting the weight sink silently into the sawdust.

A more barefaced fraud was detected by Mr. James Webb, the County Council inspector at Newington, who discovered a large pair of scales at a marine store dealer's so arranged that the goods pan would not descend until the dealer pressed a treadle under the counter with his foot. Another simple expedient for besting the purchaser was recently detected in a very well-known confectioner's in South London, where a plummet of lead weighing three ounces was hung on the under side of the weight pan.

It sounds an anomaly to state that weights are sometimes found too heavy, and are yet used to cheat customers. A favourite dodge with butchers is to use a two, or even a four-ounce weight denominated as one ounce, and to use it on the meat pan side of the scale to check the exact weight as is usually done when the amount required is less than four ounces; and another simple yet lucrative custom is to stick a long-bladed knife, weighing, say, four ounces or more, between the bottom of the pan and the frame which supports it. By this means the customer is charged for

the weight of the knife without getting any return.

As already stated, the poor are swindled to a far greater degree than the well-to-do. There are very few persons who know the difference between weights, and many ladies cannot tell whether they are looking at a quarter or a half-pound. And in addition to this, butchers have certain trade customs which are extremely mystifying to the uninitiated. For instance, a butcher, in the poor districts especially, reckons his meat out by the stone of eight pounds. Thus a butcher selling a joint marked eightpence a pound will reckon the cost at so many pounds at five shillings and fourpence, that being the price per stone, and by long practice the butcher can work out the cost in his head from the stone price more quickly than an ordinary purchaser, not so quick at mental arithmetic, would do in the ordinary way. A very common swindle is based on this principle. A poor woman inspects the joints hanging up, each with its price marked. The butcher turns to her, "What for you, mam? Nice leg o' mutton here," and he takes down a little leg marked 9d., that being the price in pence per pound. The woman inspects the joint and says that it seems all right,



A MEASURE SO SHAPED THAT THE LIQUID TO THE RIGHT OF THE LINE A B IS NEVER POURED INTO THE CUSTOMER'S GLASS

but is too much for her to pay. "Well, I'll tell you what," says the butcher, "I'll make it sevenpence to you." The customer agrees and the leg is thrown inside the shop to the counterman to be weighed, with the remark, "One leg at six shillings," this being the stone price for ninepence a pound. The joint is

weighed, found to be just five pounds, and the price, three shillings and ninepence, is demanded and paid, the proper charge at sevenpence the pound being two shillings and elevenpence. It is practically impossible for the customer to check this imposition, which is largely practised in poor neighbourhoods where trade is plentiful, and the number of customers waiting prevents any one asking questions or raising difficulties.

To quote Mr. Webb, whose experience on the subject is unrivalled, there is only one way in which cheating can be stopped, this being for every housekeeper to have a correct set of scales and weights at home, and to weigh everything she buys. As soon as it becomes evident that any particular shopkeeper habitually supplies short weight, the nearest local inspector should be communicated with. In this way it would be possible to detect the fraudulent trader and have him punished. But unfortunately the average housekeeper is too careless or too indolent to take the small amount of trouble necessary to attain the desired end.

As I have already explained, the greatest offenders in the matter of short weight are the hawkers and costermongers, who, as a matter of fact, rarely give full measure. Apart from the use of light weights or faulty scales, there are many ways of defrauding the customer. I have myself recently noticed a street butcher selling meat weighed in scales with a big piece of bacon fat, weighing, I should think, nearly a quarter of a pound, stuck on the lower side of the meat pan. Of course, if this were noticed by a customer, the hawker would be profusely apologetic for the "accident." And even when correct scales are employed they are often placed on a slope, where they will not weigh accurately. Various tricks may be played with scales without apparently affecting their accuracy. Thus, if one of the under

stays of a vibrating scale be slightly bent, too much play will be allowed, with the result that if the weight used be placed exactly in the centre of the pan it will weigh accurately, but if the same weight be placed on the side of the pan it will exert a leverage of from five to twenty per cent. over and above the true weight, according to the degree to which the stay is bent.

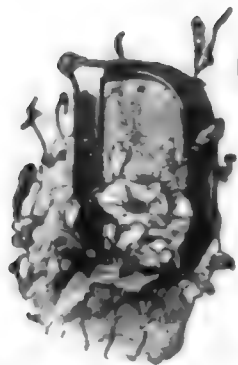
The limits of space prevent us going further into this interesting subject. But I may refer to a matter of extreme importance to the public in the matter of the sale of bread. The staff of life is, like coal, sold under special Acts of Parliament. These are known as the Bread Acts, and the most important clause they contain make it compulsory that all bread, excepting only "fancy bread," shall be sold by weight. Bakers have for very many years evaded this enactment by deeming all bread, excepting only the rough loaf, "fancy bread;" but the London County Council have recently taken the matter up, and have brought an action against one of the most successful of the large bread companies whose special make of bread has always been sold by the loaf and irrespective of its exact weight. The company lost their action so recently as April last; but they appealed, with the result that the decision of the Court below was affirmed, and the sale of bread having fancy names, and hitherto sold by the loaf, has been declared illegal, this decision making it compulsory for the various bread companies to supply their customers with either 2 lb. or 4 lb. of bread, exactly as is the case with the ordinary baker. It is in contemplation to follow up this salutary course and compel bakers to weigh all bread excepting only such as is really "fancy"—*i.e.*, French rolls, &c.—and it is to be hoped that very shortly the public will be able to insist that any bread baked in loaf form shall contain the full weight denominated.

# The Master Criminal

WRITTEN BY FRED M. WHITE. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY

## X.—"CRYSOLINE, LIMITED"

### CHAPTER I.



URING the last few months no proprietary article had loomed larger on the public eye than the latest and greatest creation, "Crysoline." The powers claimed for this marvellous cure were stupendous. Anything from heart disease to bankruptcy disappeared like magic before one bottle of this sovereign specific, the price of which was a modest twenty-five cents, surely a reasonable figure to pay for a sound body and an equally sound estate?

Nothing of the kind had ever been so intelligently advertised before; no sum was too great to pay the clever "adsmith"—*e.g.*, advertisement maker—for a really novel and striking appeal to the great American nation. In six months the proprietors of "Crysoline" had expended a quarter of a million dollars this way.

Testimonials came pouring in from all parts of the country. So far as sprains, scalds, bruises and the like were concerned, beyond doubt "Crysoline" formed a wonderful remedy. Of the amount of business done there could be no doubt. In a little more than half a year the proprietor had built up a gigantic concern.

So far as it went, Gryde was quite satisfied with his accomplishment. He had purchased the recipe for "Crysoline" for a trifle, really with the object of blinding Cradlestone to the reasons which brought him so near the latter's estate.

A chance conversation, as we know, was responsible for the rest. With the Cradlestone millions at his command, why not push the thing. And then, as the scheme evolved itself in Gryde's busy brain, he saw his way to a coup so great, so certain and remunerative, that he chuckled with delight.

With characteristic dash and energy he threw himself into the new venture. Most men would have been satisfied with the result achieved, but not so Gryde. The predatory instinct prevented anything of the kind.

Meanwhile the pear was ripening; the time was coming when Gryde hoped to lighten the pockets of some of the smartest men in the world, *e.g.*, the Wall Street stockbrokers. Cradlestone chuckled as Gryde hinted at this. He and the latter had met frequently lately, and Cradlestone, whilst bearing no malice, was fully determined to get back his own on the very first opportunity.

Therefore the oil king rubbed his hands and smiled as he read his *Sun* a few days later. He began to see Gryde's game, or at least so he thought. Gryde, otherwise Manners, was about to turn "Crysoline" into a limited liability company. This would bring the owner of the latest nostrum in direct communication with Wall Street, and it would go hard indeed, Cradlestone thought, if, with others, he could not squeeze Manners dry.

"Those smart fellows always overreach themselves," he said. "That man had better have kept to trade. Within three months he will be stripped of the last feather. I'll get some of my money back, and I'll get 'Crysoline' into the bargain."



And Cradlestone fell to reading the full-paged prospectus of "Crysoline" with new satisfaction. The figures therein contained admitted of no doubt, certified as they were by the leading firm of accountants in New York. From the very first the nostrum seemed to have paid. The sixth month showed a profit of one hundred thousand dollars.

Going on the average, the proprietor appeared to be quite justified in the expectation that the profits for the first year would reach one million and a-half dollars. And in asking the public for

Gryde has not been carefully preparing the ground for nothing. He had paid in the most liberal manner for his advertisement, and he got it all back now in generous puffs. Within a week of the preliminary announcements in the *Sun* and *World*, the whole of the capital had been subscribed. Cradlestone chuckled.

True, Gryde had money again to carry on the war. But only ten per cent. of the capital was paid on allotment, and no further call, according to the conditions, could be made before the



"I'M GOING TO BEAR THAT STOCK!"

twenty million dollars, the request seemed reasonable. From New York to San Francisco every paper of note published that advertisement.

The whole of the capital was offered to the public in ten-dollar shares. Cradlestone made a rapid calculation on the margin of his *Sun*. It seemed to him that by the time the expenses were paid, Gryde's four millions could be exhausted. That Gryde had possessed any capital beyond the amount extracted over the oil venture, Cradlestone did not believe.

"I'll give him a lesson he's likely to remember," said the millionaire.

Needless to say the "Crysoline" boom attracted its fair share of attention.

expiration of three months. And in that time many a good ship had been wrecked by the brokers in Wall Street.

Of the plot against him Gryde appeared to know nothing. He applied cheerfully for a Stock Exchange quotation and got it as a matter of course. For the first two or three days "Crysoline" shares were at a premium, little business being done. It was at this point that Cradlestone began to act.

Not that he intended to operate direct himself. He was quite prepared to risk a million or two. Risk! There was none; the thing was a certainty.

Cradlestone's confederates were one of the biggest firms on the market. The

mere fact of their buying or selling anything usually sufficed to make or mar the stock. And Cradlestone displayed a most unusual candour in the matter.

With his feet on the table and a green cigar in the corner of his mouth, he declared his plans to Alnor Bly, head of the firm of Bly, Sulley and Bly.

"I'm going to bear that stock," he said. "I've bought a big block already at a premium—a couple of million dollars worth, I suppose. By-and-bye there'll be some queer rumours on the market as regards 'Crysoline.'"

"All the same, I wish it was mine," Bly remarked sententiously.

"As a matter of fact, so do I," Cradlestone replied. "It's a good thing—one of the best things offered to the public for many a year. But I owe Manners a grudge, and I mean to pay him off and put money in my pocket at the same time."

Bly nodded. He began to see his patron's drift.

"I think I understand," he said. "You want the concern for yourself."

"Yes; and I mean to have it, too. If you manipulate matters properly you'll find it worth your while. What you have to do is this: take a third of my stock and offer it at ten per cent. discount. That will cause a big slump, and frighten all the little men. I'll see that the papers are fed with sensational paragraphs. Once the thing is started others will follow, and before anyone knows what has happened we'll have 'Crysoline' down to ten cents. Some fool is certain to start legal proceedings, and that will settle it."

"Quite so. And then, Mr. Cradlestone?"

The millionaire winked from behind the pungent cloud of his cigar.

"Then it will be time to buy," he said. "The bottom will be knocked out of Manners by that time, and all we have to do is to step in and pick up the pieces. There's nothing new or original about the business; but one thing is certain: if the thing does come off, I shall have a veritable gold-mine."

Bly was quite of the same opinion. He was of opinion (privately) that he

meant to have a finger in the pie also. It was not usual for Cradlestone to be so communicative. Nor did he deem it necessary to explain that his very candour was intended to draw Bly into the venture, and ensure a still further depreciation.

"They'll all tumble to it," said Bly.

"Let them," Cradlestone replied. "So much the better for us. They won't know when the pear is ripe for buying, and we shall. So long as they help us to bear the stock down we can sit quiet and make use of 'em."

This interesting conversation found its way in due course to the ears of Felix Gryde. He had not the slightest objection to pay for information of this kind, and the clerk who had listened returned to his desk well satisfied with his hour's work.

Not that there was any news conveyed to Gryde. He knew perfectly well what line of action Cradlestone would take, but all the same it was just as well to be perfectly sure. Cradlestone's scheme was a very pretty one, but it lacked originality, which was where Gryde had the advantage of him. The average man would have abandoned the game at once and sued for terms, but then Gryde was by no means an average man.

"I always like to help anyone when I can," he muttered, "and I am going to help Cradlestone to knock those shares down. Perhaps he would sing a different tune if he knew how many I hold under different names. And if his soul yearns for paragraphs detrimental to the company and my humble self, he shall have enough and to spare."

The next day the campaign began in earnest. By closing time, "Crysolines" had declined ten points. The financial scribes were gloomy and mysterious. Private holders began to be alarmed. And the following morning "Crysolines" declined with a rush. Some four millions of stock were on the market, and by afternoon they could be had for any price.

Cradlestone watched the proceedings with feelings of satisfaction. Four millions of his dollars had been absolutely thrown away, but still he smiled.

He knew perfectly well that those millions would come back after many days swollen and multiplied like a mountain stream after a snowstorm.

Before the end of the week the rout of "Crysoline" was complete. Cradlestone's prophecy that the shares would be down to ten cents was verified to the letter. Angry shareholders wrote epistles to the papers, a score of legal actions

"Nothing could be better," he said. "By the time that the fortnightly settlement comes the game will be up, and then we can gradually gather the stock in at our own price. The little holders will only be too glad to sell at a profit."

"There's one difficulty in the way," said Bly. "I've sold far more than we've got. If buyers insist upon a delivery we're in a fix."

"But they won't," Cradlestone said confidently. "We'll offer them a few cents premium, which after all is the thing they require. Within a month 'Crysoline' will be mine, stock, lock and barrel. It will be a nice little lesson to Manners."

But Manners, otherwise Gryde, did not seem to resent the way in which he had been treated. For the present he was, perhaps, the most prominent and worst abused individual in the United States. Nothing was too bad to say about him. He had floated a bogus company, he had placed millions of dollars in his pocket, he had not cared what became of the shares so that he got his plunder. Wall Street had found him out, and in rejecting the fraudulent company had done a service to the State. Whether or not the proprietor of "Crysoline" was

to be prosecuted was an interesting problem.

But Gryde took it all smilingly. He even shook hands quite heartily with Cradlestone that afternoon as he and the latter met at Delmonico's at lunch.

"Well," said the millionaire, "and how do you like Wall Street?"

"I have no fault to find with Wall Street," Gryde responded. "The air is bracing and the work there of a variable nature. What I like about the people is



"'YOU ARE A GOOD FIGHTER'"

were commenced, and absolute ruin seemed to stare Gryde in the face.

And yet as the shares were shot into the market at any price they were bought. Small speculators can always be found at such tempting prices, whilst the general sale still continued, and ten times as many "Crysolines" as could be found were disposed of by brokers who would have to find them at a price a fortnight hence. Cradlestone felt quite satisfied at length.

that they cling together so. When they start out to ruin a man they do it effectually."

Cradlestone chuckled. He was in a position to appreciate this humour.

"You are alluding to 'Crysoline,'" he said. "Did I not warn you to keep clear of the Street. Upon my word, you have made a nice mess of it."

"And you are going to pocket a fortune," Gryde replied quite pleasantly. "I know exactly what has happened and who to thank for the present state of affairs."

Cradlestone smiled again.

"You couldn't expect to get the best of me twice," he said. "And I'd give a trifle to know how you managed that oil business."

Gryde denied that there had been any

trickery in the business, a mere figure of speech, knowing quite well that the other did not believe him.

"All right," Cradlestone laughed, "but you are a good fighter, and I shouldn't wonder if you picked it all up again, yet. But not in 'Crysoline'—you can regard that as gone."

Gryde rose, buttoning his gloves slowly.

"There's many a slip, you know," he said, "and you are not safe till after settling day. You may not be the only one in the swindle. You object to the term? Very well, we will say the financial transaction. We shall meet again."

"Often, I trust," said Cradlestone.

Gryde muttered something in reply and strode from the room.

## CHAPTER II.

CRADLESTONE strode into Bly's office with the inevitable green cigar in the corner of his mouth. Settling day had arrived, a day which was intended to be a kind of financial Waterloo. All the same, Bly's face was more befitting Bonaparte than that of Wellington.

"Anything wrong?" Cradlestone asked as he dropped into a chair.

"Hang me if I know," Bly replied. "I've got a letter here that puzzles me. Read it."

Bly tossed the letter across the table, and Cradlestone read as follows:—

Lexington Avenue,  
July 18th, 18—.

DEAR SIR,—

We hold contract notes of yours whereby you are pledged to deliver to our client some hundred thousand odd shares in Crysoline, Limited. We enclose list of prices at which the same were purchased from day to day and the prices of the same. We shall be glad to complete the delivery in the course of the day. Faithfully,

MORGAN AND CO.

Cradlestone knitted his brows over this document. He could not make it out at all.

"It seems to me," he said presently, "that somebody must have got wind of my intentions. We may have to share the plunder after all. You must arrange terms."

"But I have three other letters to precisely the same effect," Bly proceeded. "You see the position. I sold all the shares you had at par, so there is no loss. Then we offered thousands of shares according to your instructions at a few cents. Somebody else is having a flutter at the same game, and we shall have to deliver."

"Then you must go out and buy for the purpose," said Cradlestone. "In fact, you had better start buying all you can lay your hands on. We must be in a position to satisfy these people at the price they purchased at before we can do anything for ourselves. Then you must slip in and scoop the market."

"The price is certain to rise directly we do."

"Of course, I am prepared for that. So long as I can buy the bulk of the shares practically at my own price, I don't care. You get off down to the Street. I'll drop in and see you again directly after lunch."

When Cradlestone returned, whistling

serenely, he found Bly sitting with a white face before his desk. An empty champagne bottle was by his side.

"Dyspeptic," the millionaire suggested. "Ah, I can feel for you!"

"Not a share to be got! It's only a matter of money."

"Money has nothing whatever to do with it. Ah, there are others in the soup besides ourselves—others who have



"THIS IS A DELIBERATE SWINDLE!"

"I guess you'll feel for yourself, too, when you hear what I have to say," Bly groaned. "By four o'clock you and I between us have to deliver over a million shares in 'Crysoline.' Actually, we don't possess a fifth of them. And there isn't a share to be got at any price."

sold and can't find the paper. I've seen practically every broker in the market, and not one of them has a sheet of scrip. Since morning 'Crysolines' have gone up from ten cents to a point over three dollars."

Cradlestone groaned. If this was so, a fearful loss awaited him. To put it



plainly, he had sold thousands of shares at ten cents, shares which he did not possess, and now he was called upon to produce for three dollars what he had to surrender for about a tenth of that amount.

"Then who in the name of Fate has the shares?" he asked.

"That is the mystery," said Bly; "I don't know."

Cradlestone was silent. He had never for a moment anticipated anything like this. Was it possible, he wondered, to get hold of bona fide shareholders and—but no. The thing must be carried over till the next settlement, and meanwhile some means might be found whereby the dark operation could be squeezed.

"Of course we must carry over," said Bly.

"Of course, and meanwhile you had better see Morgan."

In the end Bly and Cradlestone saw Morgan and Co. together. The latter received them with a twinkle in his eye. He listened to all they had to say.

"Carry over if you like," he said, "still, I'd settle if I were you."

"Confound you!" Cradlestone cried impatiently; "you know perfectly well that we have not the shares to deliver."

"Perfectly," was the cool response, "but I have, and you can have them at a price."

"And what is your price?"

"Face value, ten dollars; and I can supply as many as you want. O, I know quite well what you are going to say. The market price is only three dollars. But it might as well be three millions as far as you are concerned, because you can't deliver. But you'll have to pay more than three dollars this day fortnight."

All the same Cradlestone proposed to carry over till next settling day. He still hoped to find a way to circumvent the dark speculator. A meeting was held of those likely to be victims, and a bold attempt to knock "Crysoline" out of the market was resolved upon. The next day a big block of stock was offered at eight cents. Almost before the offer was made, the whole lot were taken by

Morgan and Co. The conspirators decided that this kind of policy was a mere sinful waste of good money. So "Crysoline" stood firm at three dollars, and when the next settling day arrived the murder was out.

A defeated band of victims gathered in the offices of Morgan and Co., with terms. They would pay two and a-half dollars in settlement of all claims, which surely ought to satisfy Morgan's client, who had practically bought at ten cents.

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen," Morgan replied, "but I cannot possibly accept your offer without consulting my client. Perhaps you would like to see him."

Without exception the victims of cunning machinations thought they would. And when, a few minutes later, Gryde, otherwise Manners, stepped into the office, a groan went up. They were trapped beyond hope of escape.

"You wished to see me, gentlemen," Gryde said pleasantly. "Can I do anything for you?"

By common consent Cradlestone was pushed forward as spokesman.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I rather expected this. I suppose you know that you have got the lot of us in a very tight place."

"Yes," Gryde said grimly. "I've got you where you thought to have me."

"Quite so, quite so. The question is, what will you take to settle?"

"It isn't a question of settling at all," Gryde responded. "Every share that came on the market fell into my hands. It did not take me long to see Mr. Cradlestone's game. I bought these shares in good faith; you contracted to deliver them at prices from three dollars to ten cents——"

"Mostly the latter," Cradlestone groaned.

"So much the better for me. All I want are *my shares*!"

"But we haven't got them," Cradlestone cried.

"I know it. All the same you are legally bound to deliver them. If you sell what you haven't got it is nothing to me. Your game was to break me down, and you failed. Will you be so good as to deliver me my shares."

"Man alive," Cradlestone yelled, 'where are we to get them?'

"From me," seeing that I actually possess the lot."

"At three dollars, of course, Mr. Manners?"



"I'VE A GREAT MIND TO RETIRE"

"Not much," Gryde said drily. "I am ready to place you in a position to carry out your lawful obligations at the price paid by the public—ten dollars."

Then followed an awkward silence. Gryde was in a position to sell for ten dollars what, a few minutes later, would be handed back to him for some paltry

cents. The thing spelt ruin to more than one man there."

"This is nothing less than a deliberate swindle," Cradlestone cried passionately.

"Call it what you please," Gryde responded as coolly. "I have my rights, and I fully intend to stand by them. As soon as I saw what was going to happen, I took measures accordingly. A deliberate plant was laid to ruin me, and, instead of making a fuss, I set to work to devise some means of giving you clever gentlemen a lesson. When I realised that you were all recklessly selling what you hadn't got, I saw my way. All the shares were offered to the public, but I took good care to keep them for the most part in my own hands. As you sold, so I bought; and if I liked to ask you a million dollars per share for delivery, you would have to accept it or get broken. I could force every man of you into bankruptcy if I liked: I could pull Wall Street about your ears. And I should be none the worse off, because, you see, all this time *I've got the shares.*"

There was no denying this pregnant statement. Gryde was in a position to throttle every man there. All they could do was to make terms.

"We throw ourselves on your mercy," Cradlestone said at length. "Let us have the lowest price you will accept for your shares?"

"Ten dollars a share," Gryde snapped; "not a cent less."

"You will give us time to carry over till next settlement, so as to discuss it?"

"Certainly I will. If the markets go up the ten dollars go up, too."

The deputation withdrew fuming. There was wailing and gnashing of teeth in Wall Street, but all the tears were in vain. And the storm broke out afresh when the deputation came to meet the master of the situation once more.

"We'll pay the ten dollars," said Cradlestone.

"Fifteen dollars," Gryde said, suavely. "The market has gone up. I warned you that, if such were the case, I should have to charge the difference. And that is the price to which I sold a batch to an investor yesterday."

"You're not in earnest," Bly faltered.

"Gentlemen," Gryde responded, in tones of steel, "I never was more serious in my life. This is a case of diamond cut diamond, and my diamond is the harder of the two. And if I carry over again the price will be twenty dollars. The longer you fight the thing off the worse will it be for you."

Cradlestone threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Six millions of dollars!" he yelled, "clean robbed of six millions! If I had only known when I had you out yonder, I would have shot you like a dog. A bullet or a partnership I'd like to present you with—and I shouldn't care which."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," Gryde responded. "I may say that is the finest compliment I ever had paid me in my life."

Hardly had the blackest of black Mondays passed away, and the pungent newspaper chaff at the expense of Wall Street died away, ere New York had another sensation connected with the same "Crysoline, Limited." Fires in the capital city of America are not few and far between, but the town had not for some time past enjoyed such a blaze as that afforded by the palatial premises of the above company. No sooner had the citizens generally devoured the six lines of brier and two columns of cross

heading describing the event when the evening papers came out with the climax. And this is what the *Evening Sun* had to say on the matter:—

#### LAST NIGHT'S BIG, BAD BLAZE.

THE END OF A NEW MILLIONAIRE'S SHORT BUT BRILLIANT CAREER.

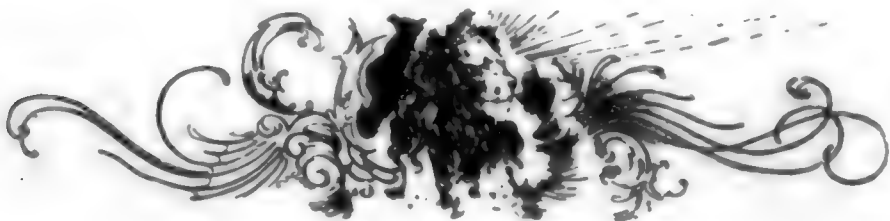
MANNERS THE MAGNIFICENT PERISHES IN THE FLAMES.

He slept on the premises last night, because of anonymous letters threatening to destroy the block, which, by the way, was heavily insured. Manners laughed at the letters, and promised the incendiaries a warm reception. But got one himself. Caretakers are unanimous on this point. Still, the body has not been found. Nor, under the circumstances, is it likely to be. Full details.

We regret to say that Mr. Manners was on the burnt-out premises last night, and that he perished in the flames. No blame is attached to anyone, nor do the police credit the suggestion that the fire was inspired. As to the rest, nothing can be known till Manners' representatives in England have been communicated with. The absence of anybody to bury will be regretted in Wall Street; otherwise the financial gang would assuredly attend the funeral.

Gryde read the above on the deck of the *Campagna*, then creeping out of dock. Under the circumstances, he had deemed it better to disappear in that way. He had become so great a man that an ordinary exit was impossible. Gryde mused over the matter as he tranquilly smoked a cigar.

"Upon my word," he muttered, "it is remarkably easy to be a millionaire if one only goes about it the proper way. And people are so easily gulled that my life is getting quite monotonous. I've a great mind to retire from the business altogether, and when I have finished off the other little schemes, I will."





THONOCK HALL

## *The Oldest English Baronetcy*

WRITTEN BY PERCY CROSS STANDING. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

THIS is a distinction which belongs, by the best of all rights, to the old-world county of Lincolnshire. One would have supposed that Tennyson's country, with its

wealth of historic and legendary association, was already rich enough in those possessions which are generally held to make for the greater beauty and pride of England's most charming corners. But on the banks of the Trent, overlooking the spot where the rushing Ægir boils up as if to combat the strength of the mightier ocean, stands the Old Hall, which from time immemorial has been the birthright of the Hickman Bacon family. Almost exactly upon this interesting spot Canute is alleged to have uttered his famous

but fruitless exhortation to the waters to roll back as they had rolled on, and his not less celebrated rebuke to the courtiers who had provoked the challenge. It is a beautiful region, thick with plenty at

all seasons. Far as the eye can range stretch the red roofs of old Gainsboro' and the green fields of the lovely country beyond.

Unfortunately, the very indifferent health of the present representative of the oldest baronetcy in England prevents Sir Hickman Beckett Bacon from distinguishing himself in, or even from actively participating in, the coveted spheres of politics and sport. He is unmarried, and health considerations oblige him to spend much of his time away from England. Moreover, the abode of the Bacons is no longer actually at the Old Hall, but at Thonock Hall, a mile or so out of Gainsboro'. Here Mr. Bayard was the guest of Sir Hickman



SIR H. B. BACON, BART.

Photo by B. Duckmanton, Gainsborough

Bacon in the summer of 1896 during the all too brief visit of the "Pilgrim Fathers" to the birthplace of John Robinson. Thonock Hall is approached through a noble park.



A BIT OF OLD GAINSBORO'

But by what means, or for what specially deserving or distinguishing reason, came the Hickman Bacon baronetcy to be conferred? There are some quaintly interesting entries in Domesday Book relative to the Manor of Gainsboro'—or "Gainsburgh," as we find it written there. My investigations lead me to determine, however, that the Manor dates considerably further back than the Norman Conquest. I read, indeed, of the Manor having deteriorated in value, for all the world like the agricultural holdings of nineteenth-century Lincolnshire, where the Somersby estate, in "Tennyson-land," has depreciated something like one-third!

In short, the Manor of Gainsburgh is held to have yielded "six pounds" in Edward the Confessor's reign as against only three in William's. The Norman usurper, in the course of his lavish rewards to those who had best assisted in the subjugation of the Saxons, conferred Gainsburgh upon one Geoffry de Wirce, from whom it passed successively to Nigellus d'Albaneis and to his son. At a later period it was held by the Earl of Lincoln, and after him by the Earl of Pembroke. The name of Hickman does not occur in this connection until the reign of James I., who knighted "William Hickman, of London, Esquire," and handed the Manor to him. To the Hickman Bacon family it has ever since belonged.

To such as love those "old legends of the monkish page," of which English history is redolent, it must remain matter for regret that

the owners of this splendid heritage should have been constrained to desert the Old Hall on the banks of the Trent in favour of Thonock. Better this, however, than have pandered to that terribly trying taste for "restoration" which is by way of rapidly reducing the "old-worldliness" of ancient homes and halls of England to an irreducible minimum. It would appear, however, as if the Hickman family only deserted their magnificent old home after it had fallen into a pitiable condition of decay. More than venerable is the noble ruin on the tidal river's banks. On its site Alfred the Great spent his "honeymoon" on the occasion of his wedding with the gentle



Ethelwith; while Sweyn, after guiding the galleys of his hardy Norsemen up the swift Trent on plundering thoughts intent, is alleged to have been killed here, leaving the heritage of England's throne to his son, Canute the wise and good.

So far the Old Hall's history side. On the side of the picturesque, ruin though it mainly be within, it is both unique and beautiful. The styles of many different periods are detectable in its architecture, telling of storm and of stress, and of varied vicissitude. In front it is mainly constructed of large

but I cannot discover that this division of the glorious old ruin legitimately dates from an earlier period than Edward III. During the reign of the conqueror of Crecy and Poitiers, extensive alterations began to take place in the form and construction of British roofs and pillars—the interregnum, so to speak, before the active growth of the Renaissance period. It was about this time that one Richard de Gayinsburgh, "a distinguished mason," was employed to repair and beautify the neighbouring cathedral of Lincoln.

Well on into the fifteenth century.



THE OLD HALL, GAINSBORO'

oak framing, forming three sides of a quadrangle, and open on the south. A great deal of oak wood has, in fact, been utilised, and the finely carved sides and arches of the passage leading out of the entrance-hall are generally attributed to the reign of Stephen.

The Hall's northern side is peculiar for a very chaste stone edifice, originally, no doubt, intended for a chapel. The ornamental portions, particularly the windows and friezes, are exceedingly elegant, the whole reminding one of that happiest of descriptions which occurs in *Maude*:

A lion ramps at the top,  
He is clasped by a passion-flower,

however, while the Red Rose and the White were deluging England's most peaceful corners with torrents of blood, it was reserved for Sir Thomas Burgh to reconstruct and beautify the place. Consequently, we note a great and sweeping change in the architectural style of the north-west tower, which is eighty feet in height, built wholly of bricks and beautifully finished. This formidable tower, remnant of the Manor's experience of the feudal age, was of course constructed as a defence against possible enemies and impossible friends. From the "look-out" on its roof may be obtained one of the most magnificent views in Lincolnshire, embracing the

entire valley of the Trent to its junction with the Humber. The tower is battlemented, and is reached by a winding stone staircase. This portion of the Manor Hall is still habitable and inhabited.

The Hickman who was knighted by James I., on coming into possession of the Manor, began to "re-organise" the Hall in earnest. On one of the wings which he added to it I find a sun-dial enriched with his initials, and a quaint Latin inscription. But about the year 1750 the family deserted the Manor Hall in favour of Thonock, their present residence. Subsequently occupied as a country seat by Lord Abingdon, the last deceased peer of that name was born at the Hall. The ancient moat which once surrounded the town of Gainsboro', and emptied itself into the Trent, is no longer in existence.

It will be perceived that the Old Hall is the queerest conglomeration of actual ruin and of legendary lore. The adventurous King Sweyn met his death immediately outside the town, as the result of an insult to one of his subordinates. Thereupon Canute—also at Gainsboro'—proclaimed himself King of Denmark and England, and proudly invited the homage of all and sundry. In 1541 King Hal, as he faced Yorkshirewards to receive the submission of certain malcontents, held *his* court with the pomp peculiar to the Tudor dynasty. Later still, the Virgin Queen deigned to accept the hospitality of the then occupant of the Hall: this last event being only

shortly anterior to the beginning of the Hickman *régime*. John Wesley preached in the Hall several times, and so, also, it is believed, did the celebrated John Robinson.

In common with almost every other shire, Lincoln suffered heavily under the persecution of Queen Mary, and the occupants of the Manor Hall were by no means exempt. I note that Sir Hickman Bacon dates the *legitimate* founding of the still-existent building from about A.D. 1460, at which time, it would appear, Gainsboro' stood staunch for the House of Lancaster, but the holder of the heritage plied his good steel on behalf of Edward of York. Events "at all events" justified the polity of this gentleman's adhesion to the White Rose, as the barony was very properly confirmed to him and his by a grateful monarch on the triumph of the Yorkist cause. The infuriated Gainsboro' people, rising *en masse* at such a pitiful desecration, drove the usurper out and burned the place, but in the end he occupied and held the disputed estate. By his sword he had won it, and by his sword he kept it to the end of life.

'Mid such a medley of bloodshed and faction fight it has become a little difficult to trace the actual genesis of this, the oldest barony that England boasts. If only as a study in feudalism, its history, should it ever come to be written out at length, would surely compete with the most romantic and blood-stirring of historic fictions. The theme holds a romanticism all its own.



# The Blue Chrysanthemum

WRITTEN BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON



**T** happened when I was staying at the Casa Marciera in Castelmarruja. I am not going to give any geographical information with regard to Castelmarruja, for it is the loveliest place in the world, and I don't want it spoilt. There are two distinct colonies in it—the town proper, which lies right on the sea-shore, and is picturesque but odoriferous, and the “Mountains,” as they

call the little settlement of white houses high up on the side of the hills, where the weaker residents, who cannot stand the cholera bacilli on the lower slopes, congregate together in anything but amity.

Castelmarruja, being a border town, has two Consuls, who spend the unofficial portion of their time dining with each other, and reviling the abominable heat and dulness of their town, in the face of the loveliest scenery that ever delighted mortal eye. Marciera, by building himself a little white shanty in this wilderness, increased my respect for him considerably. When he asked me to spend the summer there, I felt that he was really, in his way, a very estimable person indeed.

Some days after my arrival we sat smoking on a little square of rock overlooking the road which wound right past the front of the house. To the rear were the gardens, sloping up the hill, and in front rocks, a few precipices, a distant peep of Castelmarruja the Lower, and beyond that the sea. The rock whereon we had pitched our cane

seats and unfurled our big green umbrella formed a kind of natural terrace to the house, and had steps cut in it which made a novel, if rather rough, approach.

We were both reading contentedly when Marciera suddenly glanced up.

“What on earth is this,” he murmured, “if it isn't the ghost of Ruy Diaz de Bivar?”

Following the direction of Marciera's lifted finger, I observed approaching a sufficiently odd object to excuse his exclamation. This was an individual garbed in picturesque but somewhat peculiar attire. There was nothing particular about his nether adornment, but his upper man was protected by a loose white shirt, and a black cloak lined with grey drooped gracefully from one shoulder. He had a scarlet belt, and wore a huge sombrero tilted artistically on the back of his head. His features, at the distance, were not discernible, but the scheme of colour which characterised his costume led one to await them hopefully.

Marciera grunted.

“Masquerading tourist!” he remarked, with extreme disgust; then he relapsed into silence and his book, and, being interested in mine, I followed his example.

Presently I was disturbed by a soft whistling; the man in the sombrero was just beneath us. I took a glance at him over the edge of the rock and sat down again with a little gasp.

“Who is it?” inquired Marciera. “Ruy Diaz?”

“I don't know,” I said, “but he has the most beautiful face I ever saw in my life. Look!”

Marciera obeyed, and nodded assent to my statement. Then he settled down again to read.

The Sombrero pursued his way slowly up the road. Presently a sound

roused Marciera most effectually. Through the still air came the fragment of a song, half-hummed, weird and strange. Then the singer flung back his head, and there came down the white road the notes of a tenor voice which for purity, compass, and richness, I have never heard equalled. Marciera sprang to his feet and the book fell to the ground.

"Where have I heard that voice?" he asked quickly. Then a look of intelligence flashed over his face.

"Opera! Paris!" he said, in rapid explanation, and bolted for the steps. And I, following him more slowly, saw the greatest of living violinists scuttering down the road after the stranger like a scared rabbit. The Sombrero turned and faced his pursuer, who came up hot and breathless.

"Who are you, Señor?" panted Marciera, bluntly.

A smile broke over the stranger's beautiful features, and he held out his hand.

"I am Tlexula," he said, very simply, "and you are Pablo de Marciera."

I looked at him with increased interest. I had heard over and over again of Tlexula, the great tenor, but curiously enough I had never been able to hear him sing. On my last visit to Paris I found that everybody had gone mad over him; and when I inquired one night at the Atelier Espagnol, in somewhat doubting terms, whether he were really such a marvel, I roused a perfect storm of enthusiasm from Madame Garcia. Well, I could understand it now: a man with such a voice, and such a face, might well be popular.

"And what in Heaven's name are you doing here?" said the Spanish violinist.

Tlexula laughed.

"Well, I am admiring the scenery, and passing through Castelmarruja."

"You'll not pass any further at present, then," returned Marciera. "There is my house, and here am I, and, when he gets here, here is Niels Bazarac, and we want to hear Tlexula sing. Bazarac has hunted you vainly through Europe, I believe, and I've only heard you once. Come along! All my

worldly possessions are yours, and we've got ducks for dinner."

Tlexula hesitated.

"But it will inconvenience you?"

"My dear fellow, I wish there were forty of you instead of one."

"I shall certainly not be able to sing after the duck," said the tenor, smiling.

"You can dine to-night and sing to-morrow."

"This is too good of you, really," said Tlexula; "but personally I shall be only too delighted. I want," he added gracefully, with a glance at me, "to hear some more of your Spanish Fantasias. There is nothing like them, is there, M. Bazarac?"

"Nothing," I said, "and there will be nothing like Marciera's wrath if you don't stay. Be wise and consent to eat those ducks."

We walked back to the house, and sat down on the rock. Tlexula dropped his knapsack at his feet, and lay back in his chair with a sigh of relief.

"It is deliciously cool here," he admitted. "I have had rather too much sun to-day."

"One can never have too much sun," said Marciera.

Tlexula disagreed with him, and they plunged into laughing argument. After a time Marciera went up to the house to give directions for the reception of his guest, and I was left alone with the singer.

"What a beautiful place this is!" he said, looking across to Castelmarruja and the sea. "And how different it was three thousand years ago!"

"There were no houses then?"

He shook his head.

"On the contrary, the whole of the slope was covered by an immense city. You see that three-cornered rock over there? That is the site of the King's palace. There was a temple, too, with a tower of gold and pillars of painted ivory. I have never," he added reflectively, "seen anything so beautiful since."

I started a little.

"Since?"

He ignored my remark.

"It was burnt, and all its inhabitants massacred by a neighbouring tribe. The



"HE BOLTED FOR THE STEPS"

King escaped into the mountains and was never heard of again."

"You take an interest in curious historical books, I expect?" I suggested, for how else could I account for his marvellously intimate description of this unknown city which had existed three thousand years ago?

"I never read books," said Tlexula, carelessly; "they are only inaccurate.

Your local guide-book, now, doesn't tell you about this city?"

"No."

"Of course not. It tells you instead how many tons of raisins Castelmara exports per annum, and that you don't want to know. But the city is really interesting: here is a fragment of one of the pillars."

He bent down and brushed a little



piece of rock aside. Beneath it lay something which looked like a small fragment of bone. Tlexula rubbed it with the palm of his hand, and I perceived that it was tinged with tarnished scarlet and gold.

"Fossilised, you see," he said. "There are lots of other bits about, I dare say; probably buried pottery, too. Their pottery was very beautiful. It would be worth while to excavate that mound over there."

"Why?"

"It was the Royal burying-place. There is a lot of armour there, or ought to be, if the vaults are air-tight."

I began to feel mystified. This man who never read books seemed to possess very strange information.

"You have not travelled a great deal?"

"Everywhere. I have hardly ever done anything else."

"But your singing—that keeps you to great cities, surely?"

"My singing," he answered, with a smile, "is a comparatively recent employment."

I sat silent, thinking, and the more I thought the more puzzled I became. Tlexula, I knew, had studied music since he was a child. He had appeared as a prodigy pianist at the early age of seven; at ten his first symphony had been performed in Paris. From ten to twenty-one he had worked hard at the piano and composition; then, indeed, he had gone on tour through Europe as a pianist for a few years. And on his return to Paris he had suddenly startled the world by appearing one night at the opera in the part of Lohengrin, to fill the place of an indisposed first tenor. After that there was no question as to his future career; the operatic stage claimed him as one of the greatest artists who had ever appeared on it, and gifted with dramatic capabilities as magnificent as his voice.

And yet he said he had travelled all his life—a thing I knew to be impossible.

"I should have called you a confirmed stay-at-home," I said.

He laughed. "Well, I cannot do much work here, can I? Personally, I

would rather be in Paris; there are circumstances connected with this place which make it singularly painful to me."

"But you will go back to Paris?"

"O, yes. The doctors ordered me away. They told me my brain would go if I did much more opera for the present, so here I am."

I reflected that he might be a little mad, and hence his singular ignorance of the facts of his own life and his equally abnormal knowledge of forgotten history.

That evening Tlexula came down to dinner in irreproachable evening dress. I wondered a good deal where he had carried it, but he did not volunteer any information as to the quantity of his baggage. He certainly looked superb, and I noticed that he had even provided himself with a button-hole.

"What a funny flower!" said Marciera, also noticing his guest's adornment. "It's like a chrysanthemum, only blue. Where did you find it?"

"It is a local flower," answered Tlexula, smiling at me across the table, "and bloomed three thousand years ago, when that city I told M. Bazarac about stood in the place of Castelmarruja."

"Tell me about the city," commanded Marciera, who was carving the ducks. And the rest of our dinner was enlivened with marvellously realistic descriptions of the exterminated race of Vlascons, their manners, their laws, their religion, their architecture, art, science, and music, until I said, in joke:

"Really, Señor Tlexula, I believe you are a Vlascon native's soul in a Spanish tenor's body."

He looked up at me suddenly.

"Do you think that is impossible?" he asked with a curious smile.

Marciera dropped back in his chair with a groan.

"O, don't you two commence to discuss the transmigration of souls," he said imploringly; "it is really too hot—and dry."

Tlexula made a little quick movement of annoyance.

"If one's soul isn't interesting, what is?" he said. "As to the transmigration

of souls, don't you think it is a very reasonable idea? Perhaps," he added, laughing at Marciera's mournful face, "you are at this moment entertaining a Vlascan native, as M. Bazarac says, and I am talking to a some-time Visigoth, and a Senator of ancient Rome."

"I believe I was a gipsy," I said; "and I always tell Marciera, when I want to annoy him, that he is Paganini Redivivus."

"Paganini Redivivus performs at one of the London music-halls, doesn't he?" said Tlexula. "No, I don't think that Señor Marciera has anything to do with him. But he may be a Visigoth."

"And you are a Vlascan?" asked Marciera, as we left the table.

A strange expression shot across the tenor's face.

"Yes," he said quietly, "perhaps I am." And I felt that this time he was not joking.

The days went by, and Tlexula remained a fixture at the Casa Marciera. He seemed very pleased to stay, and Marciera would not hear of his departure. Indeed, the violinist had taken such a fancy to him as I never knew him show towards anyone else.

Certainly Tlexula was a most fascinating companion. There was nothing he could not talk, and talk well, about, and nothing he did not know. In fact, his conversation was so interesting that Marciera and myself would have inclined towards silence, with an occasional question, had he allowed us to do so; but he never did. It would have been impossible to find anyone at once so brilliant and so charmingly unconscious of his own powers.

All the time, however, I had an impression, curious and haunting, that there was something mysterious about the delightful tenor—what, I could not have explained. It was not that I did not like him—I have rarely admired anyone so much—and it was certainly not that I suspected him of any evil. But now and then, in moments of silence, I saw that strange expression on his face which I had noticed at the termination of our talk on the transmigration of souls.

Once or twice, too, I had a curious feeling, when alone with him, that there was a third person present—a feeling which I did not at all like, though I set it down to mere imagination. Having these peculiar sensations, I was hardly surprised when one evening Marciera came into my room, when I was alone, with a very disturbed air.

"Come here, Bazarac," he said, excitedly.

I followed him to the window, which was at the back of the house, and looked out upon the garden. Not twenty paces away two figures were walking on the wide path, having the moonlight full on them, and with their backs towards us. One was a woman dressed in blue of a very vivid shade; the other was unquestionably our guest.

"Who is she?" I inquired.

"Hang it all!" exclaimed Marciera, indignantly, "do you think I know? If it isn't cool cheek, though, I don't know what is."

"But what——"

"I don't object to his amusing himself," pursued Marciera, with much suppressed wrath, "but what—what does this mean? Where has he found that woman?"

An odd impulse prompted me to say something which I had never intended to say.

"Do you think she is a woman, Marciera?"

He stared at me.

"Do you suppose," he inquired, sarcastically, "that any right-minded man would walk about in blue petticoats? Or"—and he checked himself—"you don't believe in ghosts?"

"I've never seen one," I replied cautiously.

"No more have I," said Marciera, "and I never shall, either—Tlex-u-la!"

The two figures turned at Marciera's call and came towards us. And then a marvellous thing occurred. The path was wide, and the moonlight was shining brightly on it; there was not a tree nor a rock near, behind which anyone could have dodged. Further than this, I had my eyes firmly fixed upon the couple the whole time; but when



"LOOK! HE HAS NO SHADOW!"

Tlexula reached us, he reached us—alone!

I heard Marciera draw a quick breath; Tlexula looked up at us very calmly.

"Did you call?"

Marciera hesitated.

"Yes. I thought—I thought—I wanted to go down to Castelmara, if you cared to go. Were—was anyone with you just now? Perhaps it was the moonlight I saw?"

"Perhaps," said Tlexula; and he added, with a little ring of regret in his voice, "I am alone."

"Will you come with me, then?"

"Of course. I will come round to the front for you?"

He turned to go round the house, and Marciera suddenly gripped my arm.

"Look!" he whispered. "Look! *he has no shadow!*"

It was true enough. Tlexula was walking right between the moon and the wall of the house, but not the faintest suggestion of a shadow fell from his figure on the white plaster. Marciera looked at me.

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know;" and I added, rather unkindly, "you don't believe in ghosts!"

He went away, and I heard him join Tlexula at the front door. Their footsteps died away on the white road, and I went downstairs into the verandah and prepared to smoke a cigarette in the cool of the night.

I had just made myself comfortable and settled down to enjoy the prospect of the moonlight on the sea and the twinkling of the lamps in the town, when I again felt that curious sensation of not being alone. I sat for some moments trying to overcome it, but in vain. I was just on the point of rising from my chair when the moonlight in front of me darkened a little, and I saw the woman in the blue dress standing a few paces away. Her long, fair hair hung over her shoulders, and her eyes were fixed on me; they seemed alight with a wonderful moving fire which disconcerted me somewhat. Yet this apparition did not surprise me, neither did I feel any sensation of fear.

She walked into the verandah and sat down in a vacant chair.

"It's a fine night," I remarked.

I felt that it was a hideously prosy remark to make to a ghost, but, at least, it was a harmless opening to a conversation.

"Yes," she said, quietly. "You are not afraid of me?"

"Tlexula is not," I replied, attempting to discover her business with the tenor.

She smiled.

"No. You saw me before, then?"

"Both Marciera and I saw you. I suppose Tlexula saw you, too."

Her face grew very sad.

"No," she said, "Tlexula can't see me, nor hear me, nor speak to me. That is our punishment."

I began to feel sorry for this gentle and communicative spirit.

"He has forgotten you?" I asked, adding, with some hesitation—for it seemed a ridiculous thing to say to anyone so palpably present—"You are dead?"

"You would call me so. I died about three thousand years ago."

A light flashed across me.

"You are a Vlascan?"

"Yes."

"And Tlexula," I said suddenly, "is the King?"

She bent her head. "And my husband."

I got up and took off my hat—it was a sombrero, and lent itself to a sweeping salutation.

"You are the Queen of Vlasca!"

"No," she said, inournfully; "it was intended that I should become the High Priestess, therefore the priests would not recognise the marriage. They roused the next tribe against us, and the place was taken and everyone massacred. We fled to the mountains and they pursued us, and then——" she shuddered and stopped.

"You both committed suicide?" I suggested.

"He killed me," she murmured brokenly, "and—and then himself. It was best: they would have done such horrible things."

"And your punishment?"

She stood up suddenly and passionately, and stretched out her arms in the moonlight.

"He has to go on, on, on, living, and I am dead," she said. "He cannot see me nor speak to me, and I—I cannot make him hear me. And it cannot end until he gives back the two lives that he took."

"But that is impossible."

"Yes, I think it is—three thousand years," she repeated bitterly, "three thousand years! Will it never end?"

I considered for a moment.

"What about that little blue flower he wears so often?"

Her face brightened.

"That is the only thing I can give him. He finds that, and he knows it comes from me. It is the sacred Blue Chrysanthemum of Vlasca."

I cannot say what happened next, for the simple reason that I do not know. But I do know that Castelmara, and the sea, and the sky, got jumbled all together under my eyes, and that the verandah ran round and exploded. When I next remembered anything, I was lying in bed in my own darkened room, and Marciera was standing over me with a very grave face.

"What has happened?" I inquired feebly. "Where am I?"

"Where you'll stop. As for what has happened, you ought to know best. I found you insensible in the verandah. It may have been the sun, or——" Marciera's tone implied pretty distinctly that it might not have been the sun.

"Where's Tlexula?"

"Smoking. He wanted to nurse you, but you talked such nonsense about him for three days that I wouldn't let him."

"Three days!" I gasped.

"You have been delirious for a week," said Marciera, grimly.

"And—and the Blue Chrysanthemum?"

"Hang the Blue Chrysanthemum! Drink this." I drank it, and found it nasty enough to banish everything else from my mind; and by the time I had recovered from it I was asleep.

When I was well enough to think about my interview with the Blue

Chrysanthemum, as I called her, I must own that I was inclined to consider it as the vision of an over-excited brain, and the commencement of my illness. Certainly, the fact remained that Marciera had seen her, too, and that he was in full possession of all his faculties at the time. But the story which she had told me might be the outcome of my imagination, worked upon by the apparition in the garden, and Tlexula's description of the sack of Vlasca. The more I thought of the matter, the more I was inclined to accept this as the only possible explanation of the matter.

But I did not accept it in this light long, before I experienced another extraordinary adventure. One morning I came down very early, a thing contrary to my usual habits. Tlexula was generally up and singing scales at six, but the scale practice was too beautiful a performance to annoy anyone. Marciera, used to a life of constant late hours and strong nervous excitement, rarely appeared until eleven. On this particular day I said good-morning to Tlexula, passed through the music-room, and sat down in the verandah. It was a singularly clear, bright morning. All at once I was surprised to see a thin mist rising from the sea. This mist gradually covered Castelmara, and came rapidly up the slope, until I could not see the road ten paces away. Then it cleared off as rapidly as it had appeared, leaving a sight behind it which made me doubt the evidence of my own eyes.

The verandah and the house seemed to have vanished, and I found myself sitting on a flight of white stone steps. A little space away rose a great white building with a tower of gold, and all around, from the Casa Marciera Gardens to the sea, stretched houses, palaces, temples, domes, towers, spires, all built of the same white stone and decorated freely with gold. Everything seemed deserted: no one moved in the silent streets, and for some moments I sat watching the great blue and gold banner flap idly over the temple tower. Then people came suddenly from all directions: some in armour, some as though





*John A. Bacon* 27

'STRETCHED OUT HER ARMS IN THE MOONLIGHT'

hurriedly and but half-dressed, some wringing their hands and others clutching weapons—soldiers and priests, and women with children clinging to their skirts—but all silent. Not a sound could be heard but the far-off whisper of the sea; and it was a wonderfully impressive and awful thing to mark the grief and consternation of that great assembly and yet hear no sound of crying, no rattle of arms.

The cause of their distress soon appeared. Into the streets burst men in armour of another fashion—men with heavy maces in their hands and scarlet plumes in their open helmets. They struck down the priests and the soldiers, and even the women and children, and flung lighted torches into the doors. Then a great smoke and flame began to rise from the city, until it was one blaze of leaping fire from the heights to the shore, and then city and flames vanished, and I sat once more in the verandah, and heard Tlexula in the room behind me practising a trill on his upper C.

I re-entered the room, and he stopped.

"Did you see anything just now?" I asked.

He appeared surprised at the question.

"Nothing at all."

"You can see Castelmara from where you are sitting. Are you *sure* you saw nothing?"

"Positively sure. Why?"

"I thought—something was on fire down the slope."

He jumped up from the piano.

"We'll go and look round. Mind you don't come without a hat."

I followed him into the road. There was no fire to be seen, and everything was quite calm.

"There is nothing," said Tlexula.

"What a glorious morning! Let us walk down the road, Bazarac. We may meet the post."

We proceeded down the road until we reached a very steep descent, at the end of which the path swung round in an abrupt curve. It was a dangerous place, for on the one side was the solid rock in which the road was cut, and on the other the cliff shot straight down into the dried channel of a stream eighty

feet below. Tlexula paused to light a cigarette, and I sat down on a stone in the shadow of the rock.

"What noise is that?" asked Tlexula, suddenly.

I listened, and hearing a sound of distant wheels, laughed.

"That's the French Consul's carriage."

Tlexula looked disturbed.

"A carriage, and on this road—is the French Consul mad?"

"No, he's married, and his wife likes a drive. She's taking an early one this morning."

"It's not safe," said Tlexula.

"O, yes, if you drive slowly."

"But," returned the tenor shortly, "they are ~~not~~ driving slowly."

It was true enough. The wheels were evidently revolving at a furious rate—it was possible that the horses had taken fright at something and were running away. I looked blankly at Tlexula.

"If they reach the curve at that pace," he said, "they will go over the cliff."

I had no time to reply before the carriage came in sight, swaying from side to side like a feather behind the racing horses. The box was empty, and the reins were trailing on the ground. In the carriage, clinging to the side, sat the French Consul's wife with her little girl in her arms. When she saw us she shrieked out for help, and the horses redoubled their speed. They were almost upon us when Tlexula sprang into the middle of the road.

How he stopped those horses I don't know to this day, but stop them he did. He caught their heads before they had time to swerve, and brought them up almost into the air. A yard further and they would have gone straight over the precipice. His strength was more than marvellous—it was as if the furious animals and the heavy carriage had suddenly come into contact with a rock.

The shock shook the doors open, and the Consul's wife dropped, rather than jumped, from her perilous position, and fell fainting at my feet.

I propped her up against the cliff, and went to take the child out of the carriage. The little thing was only

about three years old, and too young to realise the awful fate it had just escaped. It laughed as I lifted it off the seat, and evidently considered the affair a race arranged for its own special amusement.

Tlexula was still standing before the horses, soothing them and stroking their velvety noses with his disengaged hand. They drooped their heads and shivered as he touched them, and seemed ashamed of their conduct.

"Wonderfully intelligent things, horses," he remarked, in very matter-of-fact tones. "Move out of the way, Bazarac, while I turn them round."

I obeyed, and went to attend to the Consul's wife. She was still insensible, and we had no restoratives at hand.

"I will take her back to the Consulate," said Tlexula, "if you will put her into the carriage, and carry the child; I will lead the horses—they are quite safe now."

In this manner we proceeded to the Consulate, to be met at the gate by the Consul himself, in a state of distraction, and unable to believe that his wife and child were not only alive but unhurt. We had some difficulty in persuading him of this, and when we at last succeeded in our efforts, his gratitude was boundless. It was several hours later when we returned to the Casa Marciera, and then we found that the news of our adventure had reached there before us.

"You'll have some fresh coffee in a moment," said Marciera, looking up from the table. "Upon my word, Tlexula,

you are an exciting person, going and saving people's lives in this way—the next thing will be a murder, or a suicide, I suppose."

To my utter surprise Tlexula turned



"A BLUE CHRYSANTHEMUM"

deadly white, and dropped into a chair as though he had been shot. In a moment Marciera, flinging off his flippant manner, was beside him.

Tlexula waved him off.

"No, no," he said, "I'm all right. I think I'll go and sit down in the next room, if you don't mind."

He went. When Marciera and I rejoined him he was sitting at the piano.

"Do you feel better?" inquired Marciera, tenderly. He was keenly alive to the effect of his unfortunate remark. Tlexula began to play.

"Yes. Get your violin."

Marciera got it, and stood awaiting further orders.

"Second Spanish Fantasia," directed Tlexula.

They began it, and I sat listening and watching the tenor's face. The same strange expression which I had noticed before passed across it, and his eyes had a wide-open, strained look. Marciera, engrossed in his music, was not attending to him, and as I looked I distinctly saw the woman in blue appear behind Tlexula's seat. She bent over him until

her hand rested on his shoulder. He turned his head, and I felt sure he saw her. The light that surrounded her was reflected in his face, and she looked down at him with a smile. He went on playing, but gradually the blue figure grew indistinct, and a curious mist seemed to rise between me and the piano. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. The accompaniment to the Second Spanish Fantasia was drawing softly to a close, and when the last chord died away I sprang up with a cry.

"Marciera!" I shouted. "Marciera!"

He turned quickly and almost dropped his Guarnerius. The piano-stool was unoccupied, and the music closed—and across the keys which the vanished tenor's fingers had last touched lay a Blue Chrysanthemum.



# Romantic Leaves from Family Histories

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

## THE PERCYS

A VERY great nobleman indeed is the Duke of Northumberland. He is the lord of more than 180,000 acres in the county

from which the title of his Dukedom is derived, the annual value of which was set down in the famous Domesday Book of 1873 at £161,874, and is probably even more than that sum to-day, notwithstanding the prevalence of agricultural depression. He also has property, small in extent, but doubtless very productive, in the metropolitan area. The great town mansion that used to show so

ugly a front, or rather rear, to Trafalgar Square, disappeared more than twenty years ago to make way for Northumberland Avenue; but many Londoners will well remember it and the big lion that surmounted it. When the property was acquired by the Metropolitan Board of

Works they had to pay nearly half a million for it; nor was the price excessive, in view of the central position of the site and the amount it now yields in



NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE, CHARING CROSS



ALNWICK CASTLE

ground-rents. The transaction must, however, have been very profitable for the Duke, who possessed in Sion House another fine town mansion, and is master, in Alnwick Castle, of one of the noblest baronial palaces in all broad England. In the family name he bears he possesses what to some people will seem even more precious than his many acres and his splendid houses. For more than five hundred years it has been famous in English annals. Who can pronounce it without recalling the memories of centuries of Border warfare—of Otterburn and Homildon Hill, of fiery Harry Hotspur and the Douglas? There are other and more tragic associations connected with the name of Percy. Few indeed of our historic families have sustained such a



long series of misfortunes as they; and possibly one reason why, during the last two centuries, the annals of the great



HENRY PERCY, FIRST EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

House have been a record of peaceful and uneventful prosperity is that the hot blood of the old Barons has been so plentifully diluted from other and less illustrious sources that very little of it flows in the veins of the present representatives of the hero of Homildon Hill, so much having been spilled on the battle-field and on the scaffold.

There were Percys firmly established



SCROOP, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK  
From the drawing by S. Harding

in Northumberland soon after the Conquest, and they speedily attained baronial rank. But they first achieved a leading position among the great families of the North after the union of Josceline of Louvaine, son of Godfrey the Bearded, Duke of Lower Brabant, with Agnes, the only daughter of William, third Lord de Percy, early in the twelfth century. This Josceline, when he wedded the heiress and acquired her great estates, assumed her name and quartered his arms with hers. For several generations after this infusion of foreign blood the family continued to prosper and waxed so great by the martial prowess and fortunate matrimonial alliances of successive Barons, that the Lord Percy of



JOHN DUDLEY, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND  
Engraved by H. T. Ryall from the painting by Holbein

Richard II.'s time was the foremost noble of the North, and was created Earl of Northumberland. He was the father of Hotspur, whom Shakespeare's genius has made the most famous of all the Percys; and he and his warrior-son were among the most ardent supporters of Henry of Bolingbroke, when he engaged in the enterprise that ended in the deposition of King Richard, and his own accession to the throne.

But Henry IV. was distrustful of a vassal so powerful and so ambitious as Northumberland: and the Percys, on their side, thought their services to the new King had been inadequately rewarded. Hence their memorable conspiracy with the Welsh rebel, Owen Glendower, and the Douglas, that

ended so disastrously for them on the bloody field of Shrewsbury ; and hence, too, the beginning of a succession of disasters that darkened the annals of the House, almost without intermission, for nearly two hundred years. The Earl of Northumberland, as every reader of English history and of Shakespeare will remember, took no part in the fight of Shrewsbury, where his gallant son fell on the field, and his brother, the Earl of Worcester,



THOMAS, SEVENTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

was made prisoner only to be sent immediately to the block. The Earl was on his way to join the rebel army with all the forces he could raise, when the news of his son's defeat and death caused him to retreat northward. He was still powerful in Northumberland, but found it expedient to surrender in the following year to the King at York. He was detained for a while as a State prisoner at Coventry, and as his peers refused to convict him of treason, he was released on renewing his oath of allegiance



JOCelyn, ELEVENTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

But the quarrel between him and the King was too bitter to permit him to keep that oath for long. In a few months he joined Scrope, Archbishop of York, the Lord Bardolph, and other nobles in a fresh rebellion. It was speedily repressed by the stern King,



DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND  
Natural son of Charles II



THOMAS THYNNE

and the Archbishop, to the horror of all the Northern folk, expiated his share in the business on the scaffold. A similar fate would undoubtedly have befallen Northumberland had he been



ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND

Engraved by T. A. Deane from the painting  
by Sir Peter Lely

captured. But he and Bardolph contrived to escape into Scotland, and thence, doubting the hospitality of the canny Scots, they found their way into Wales, where rebellion was still rife. In the year 1408 the fugitive Earl and his companion suddenly reappeared in Yorkshire at the head of a large following, but they were encountered and utterly defeated at Bramham Moor by the Royal forces under the High Sheriff, Sir Thomas Rokeby, and both fell on the field.

The long tragedy of the career of the



CHARLES SKYNOUR, DUKE OF SOMERSET

first Earl of Northumberland was, as has been said, only the beginning of a succession of disasters for the Percys. They soon recovered the title and their great possessions; but the second and third Earls both fell in battle during the Wars of the Roses, and the fourth was brutally murdered by a mob of enraged Yorkshiremen at Thirsk while endeavouring, in his capacity as Commissioner of King Henry VII., to enforce the collection of the unpopular taxes imposed by that monarch. The fifth and sixth Earls did indeed die on their

beds, but the latter was under attainder at the time, and his title was assumed by the notorious John Dudley, who in the reign of Edward VI. created himself Duke of Northumberland. He, however, was speedily sent to the scaffold for his share in the attempt to secure the throne to the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey; and the earldom was revived by Queen Mary in favour of Sir Thomas Percy, the recognised head of the House, who became the seventh Earl. An ardent Catholic, he was never a loyal subject to Queen Elizabeth; and he displayed what may be termed the family tendency



ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF SOMERSET

to rebellion by forming the "Rising of the North" against that energetic sovereign, was taken prisoner and executed in 1572. His brother and successor, Henry, eighth Earl, died—it was alleged by his own hand—while a prisoner in the Tower; and the ninth Earl was condemned to confinement and to an enormous fine on the mere suspicion—which was never verified—of his participation in the Gunpowder Plot, in which, however, a near kinsman of his undoubtedly took an active part. No further misfortune happened to the House of Percy during the next two generations. But the



WIFE OF ALGERNON, DUKE OF SOMERSET

direct line ended in Charles II.'s time with Josceline, the eleventh Earl, who left an only daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Percy. She succeeded to the great possessions of the family. The title, the succession to which was restricted to heirs male, became extinct, and was promptly appropriated by the King in



ALGERNON SEYMOUR, DUKE OF SOMERSET,  
AFTERWARDS NORTHUMBERLAND

favour of his second natural son by the Duchess of Cleveland, whom he created Duke of Northumberland.



LORD HUGH PERCY, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

It seemed, however, as though the title with which they had been associated for three centuries could not sustain itself apart from the Percys. The new Dukedom of Northumberland expired with its first possessor, who died without issue in 1716. A pretender to the honours

of the House now made his appearance in the person of one James Percy, who had been a trunk-maker in Newcastle. He attempted to make himself out a lineal descendant of the ninth Earl, and though his claim was soon proved to be without foundation, he so audaciously persevered in his pretensions that the House of Lords sentenced him to be pilloried in Westminster Hall, wearing round his head a paper inscribed:—"A false and impudent pretender to the Earldom of Northumberland." Meanwhile the Lady Elizabeth Percy, as one of the greatest heiresses in the country, had been wooed by many aspirants and had been married, while still a mere girl, to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, who, however, died



DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND  
Photo by Russell and Sons



COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND  
Engraved by S. W. Reynolds from the painting by  
Sir Joshua Reynolds

very shortly afterwards. The young lady was next contracted—though it is doubtful whether she was actually married—to Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, the then head of the wealthy family now represented by the Marquis of Bath. Thynne was murdered under very extraordinary circumstances in February, 1681-82, and in the same year the Lady Elizabeth contracted a happier, or at least a more illustrious alliance with Charles Seymour, the "proud" Duke of Somerset, to whom she bore no fewer than thirteen children. Her eldest son, Algernon Seymour, became Baron Percy in right of his mother, and in 1741 inherited the Dukedom of Somerset. In 1749 the Earldom of Northumberland was revived in his favour,



with remainder to Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet, who had married his only surviving daughter. Sir Hugh succeeded in 1750, assumed the name and arms of Percy, and in 1766 was created Duke of Northumberland—having thus ascended, with almost unexampled rapidity, from the lowest to the highest hereditary titled rank. That he looked upon himself—though without one drop of their blood in his veins—as the true representative of the Percys of the North, is illustrated in an anecdote told by that genial and gently malicious gossip, Horace Walpole, who was a great authority on questions of pedigree. Horace relates in one of his letters that in 1759 Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry—the notorious “Old Q”—visited

the Earl, as he was then, at Alnwick Castle. “My lord received him at the gate, and said: ‘I believe, my lord, this is the first time that ever a Douglas and a Percy met here in friendship.’ Think of this from a Smithson to a true Douglas!”

But if the Smithson-Percys can claim but a remote connection with the turbulent family whose honours and estates they possess, it may at least be allowed that they have borne those honours and used that wealth worthily. In each generation they have enjoyed a high reputation as good landlords, and, though they have taken no prominent part in public affairs, have been distinguished for their activity and liberality in works of benevolence and philanthropy.



*John Francis.*

MATHEMATICAL MASTER: Now, then—if I tell you the *area* and *length* of a field—what else can you tell me about it?

BOY (after some thought): The height.

# *The Habit of S. Bridget*

WRITTEN BY K. L. MONTGOMERY. ILLUSTRATED BY G. G. MANTON

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"**H**OW'S all wid yez, Mrs. Connor, the day?"

The relentless east wind of early springtime whistled over the bogland, at the edge of which the dozen cabins, marked in the surveying maps as Knocknaclish, leaned their mud walls at every possible angle. The women, gathering their shawls round weather-beaten faces, set their backs more firmly against the lean-to tenanted by Mrs. Kavanagh's pig, the possession of which animal conferred on its owner a position equal to keeping a carriage in the class above hers.

"Ah, sure, woman dear, 'tis a slavish day," Mrs. Connor opined, pushing back sundry elflocks under her shawl; "could enough to freeze the nose off av a brass monkey!" Then her voice sank into a mysterious whisper: "How is it wid Rose, Mrs. Kavanagh, ma'am? They do be sayin' it's worse an' not better it's gettin' wid Dan ivery stroke av the clock!"

"Musha good gracious!" returned Mrs. Kavanagh, "isn't it the quare thing the child should take on this fashion, an' him afther givin' her the go-by not six months ago? There she sits on the knees av her the day long wid the beads over her fingers continuous, and not a han's turn av work to be got out av her. I'll go bail, Mrs. Connor, there's Theresa Murphy wouldn't do as much, wid her fine husband dyin' on her, an' it not three months since they wint before the praste."

"Thru for ye, alanna, an' at the first Rose wasn't lettin' on that she cared a trauncen for him. 'Twas the sickness done it; Rose is mighty tinder-hearted."

"She'd a right to hould up her head, annyhow, an' not go make a show av herself to the place," grumbled Rose's mother. "Young men is mighty pre-

carious, an' ne'er a wan'll be comin' afther Rose if she frets the life out av her this away."

They were interrupted. A girl, dressed in a madder-coloured petticoat with her long black hair streaming as she ran, approached the door of the cabin she had left swinging on its crazy hinges.

"Mrs. Connor, what will I do at all?" she burst out; "there's himself tuk worse an' fillin' the place wid the bawls av him. An' Father Doyle's off on the praichin', an' the dear knows where he's got to be this! An' Dan roarin' an' cryin' that the death's on him, an' the wafer not in his mouth. Och, wirra! isn't it mesilf's the misfortnit woman!"

"Ah, whisht wid yez screechin', Theresa," Mrs. Connor admonished, turning in the direction the girl had come; "maybe 'tis a taste av the faver the crather's got on him, an' plaze God he'll be doin' finely yit!"

But in spite of national hopefulness Mrs. Connor recognised the look on Dan Kelly's face, as she entered the cabin. She had learnt to know it in the famine year, when the strange twilight shadow, cast by the approach of death, crept over the faces of all who could count kin with her. Memories of her upbringing among the black-veiled, low-voiced Sisters of the Sacred Heart, stirred in her as she bent over the dying man.

"Ah musha, Dan, hould on a bit!" she said cheerily, "take a sup av the broth, it'll put stren'th in ye. Och, but it's illigant stuff," she went on, slipping her arm under his head; "yez pounds bether already, be the look on ye; ye'll cheat the boneyard this time, man alive!"

Dan fixed his eyes on her with painful intensity.

"Don't be puttin' yourself about to decaive me, Mrs. Connor dear," he whis-

pered, "sure don't I know be the feel av one the cowl'd death's now. An' sorra much I'd be carin'," he went on hoarsely, "if the praste was convanient wid the oils an' the holy wather. Och, how will I die at all at all," he cried, starting up in terrible appeal, "widout them: won't it be the hard thing if I'm left in the fires, because Father Doyle tuk himself off out o' the way?"

"Whisht, man dear," said Mrs. Connor helplessly, laying him gently back on the straw mattress. "Musha, wouldn't it be the gran' thing if we'd S. Bridget's habit here wid us? 'Tis the holy Sisters have it up beyant where I was rared, and they do be saying the man that dies wid it over the shouldhers av him goes straight to the Blissid Mary herself. But och, av coorse it's kep' for the holy women, not for the likes av us," she added, with a sigh.

"But why wouldn't we have it?" Mrs. Kavanagh demanded. "Sure I hear tell that the Sisthers is the wondherful kind-hearted craters, an' if they'd a comprehension av the way it is wid him, 'tis for loanin' it they'd be wid all the pleasure in life, so they would!"

The sick man's eyes rested on them with a flickering hope in their sunken depths.

"Ah whisht, dear!" Mrs. Connor whispered, "isn't it aisy seein' he won't last the night? An' the Convent is ivery stip av twelve miles off: who's to leg it there and back that fashion?"

A compulsory resignation settled on the faces of the on-lookers, women mostly, for the masculine contingent of Knock-naclish had absented themselves on a turf-cutting expedition—Kelly's glance roved feverishly from face to face.

"For the love av God!" he cried not, "is there ne'er a sowl av yez that'll have a thry to save me? If it's me dyin' on yez ye're afeard on, I'll undertake to ould on till ye get back!"

Sobs broke from the women, stirred by the evanescent sympathy of their race; but the hopelessness of such a mission possessed them more strongly.

"Arrah! be aisy, Dan!" Mrs. Connor entreated, "sorra a wan av us but'll have a mass said for the good av yer sowl, if

bit or sup doesn't come inside av our mouths for a twelvemonth. We'll pass our word to ye be the Mass!"

"I'll not be afther throublin' ye," the man panted bitterly. "The black curse of God to yez!" he muttered to himself.



"HOWLD ON, DAN DEAR!"

Amid the stir of superstitious dread that moved the group, a girl left her place in the shadow of the door. She moved to Kelly's side, the brown-cloak drawn over her head falling back, displaying a fair pale face set in red-gold hair such as Luini gives his Saint Catherines.

She spoke low and clearly: "Shure I'll go for yez, Dan," she promised. "I'm quick wid the walkin', an' no fear but I'll get the habit for yez, plaze the saints! An' maybe the sickness'll take itself off at the touch av it."

Mrs. Kavanagh's hand fell on her shoulder: "Millia Moses! Rose Kavanagh, is it mad ye are?" she exclaimed. "Isn't it the wonderful way yez goin' on, sthravaging over the roads for the man

that's been the heart-scald to ye? Sorra foot ye'll stir this night. Sure, hasn't Mrs. Kelly, Theresa Murphy that was, as many legs as yerself, that yeld go

me, let alone leavin' Dan to die on me whin I'd be gone!"

Rose twisted herself from under her mother's hand.

"Howld on, Dan dear, that's all ye need do," she whispered, and ran swiftly out of the cabin.

"Tare an' agur! Did anyone iver see the like av that?" exclaimed the women, simultaneously crowding to the door to watch the figure already some yards away. The bare feet passed quickly and lightly down the white road, every step sharpened to Rose with the thorns of memory. There, black under the callow afternoon sunshine, lay the turf-stack under which she had leant when Dan Kelly woke her from childhood by telling of his love; here she had knelt gathering the bog-cotton, flickering its tufted whiteness in the wind, when news of Theresa Murphy's legacy from America came to the lovers. At the turn where the road wound into the mountain shadow, Dan had stood again, speaking of hard times, till the meaning of his broken sentences struck chill on her heart, and, out of her pride, she had bidden him go free.

And now Theresa was

coursin' over the counthry like a turkey-poult!"

"An' indade, Mrs. Kavanagh thin, I'll thank ye to kape that tongue av yez to yersilf, an' not go layin' it on what doesn't consarn ye," Theresa interposed stormily. "Sure it's wore to splinters I am wid the sick nursin'," she added in an angry aside. "'Twould make a leprechaun turn Christian to hear that wan gabbin' about me walkin' the legs off av

married, and Dan lay dying, and on Rose herself hung the chance of the gates of Paradise opening to the man she loved.

The sunshine was fading now, and Rose toiled up-hill with a pace that slackened in spite of herself. Beneath her lay one of the loveliest views in Ireland, shining fiords running up into the land, their waters glimmering white like a troop of wandering mermaidens, and beyond islands resting in a shimmering sea over



"LET ME IN, FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN!"

which the western radiance brooded like a benediction, but the girl looked neither to right nor left. On! into the heart of the night stealing up over the mountains, on!

The chill breath of the night was on the white, set face, scarcely less white than that haunting her thoughts, with eyes straining wistfully to the cabin door. Rose broke now and then into a short tremulous run, but strive as she might, to her impatient senses her limbs felt like lead. The mountain path grew rough with stones; she hardly felt them. Blood, in more than one place, stained the brown shapely feet; she pressed on, her whole being pulsing to one thought, a veritable Pilgrim of Love.

She had reached the shoulder of the mountain now, her road taking a downward curve. Below, set in a green place between the hills, lay the Convent of the Sacred Heart! Lights kindled its windows yet, the prayers that women, sheltered themselves from evil, rose nightly to offer for the sins of others, were being said.

Stumbling, once or twice falling her length in the darkness, Rose sped downwards. She stood before the heavy nail-studded door at last, beating upon it with her fists.

"Let me in, for the love of Heaven!" she cried wildly.

From a wicket level with her eyes the portress looked

out doubtfully. Midnight wanderers were rare at the convent.

"Who is it at all disturbin' dacent people at this time av night?" she asked. "Sorra fut will ye budge in here till I've got the holy mother to yez!"

Five long minutes wasted and a soul at stake! Then the door opened and Rose rushed in: "'Tis for the loan av the habit I've come to beg," she gasped, flinging herself before the nun standing



"'HE IS THE MAN I LOVED'"



beside the portress. "Sure, 'tis Dan that's dyin' and his sowl not shriven, an' no praste handy to help him die. Give me the blissid habit, mother, as ye hope to die aisy, for the love av Jesus an' Mary!"

"Is he your husband?" the nun questioned pitifully.

Rose looked up, all her short pathetic story in her eyes.

"He is not, nor like to be," she whispered, "but he's the man I loved."

It was not in woman's heart to withstand the white agony in the upturned face. Silently the Superior passed in the direction of the chapel. The darkness that shrouds the coming of dawn lay around, more intense for the yellow flame of the lay Sister's lantern, Rose pressed near, her heart leaping in sickening throbs.

Through the low-browed door the women entered the chapel, the incense-laden air stealing to their senses like the breath of bygone prayers. Behind the Altar the mother knelt down, fitting a key into a cumbrous lock. Under her hand lay a brown hair shirt—the habit of S. Bridget!

Ten minutes later Rose was speeding over the homeward way. Fast as fear

she went, but hope grew with the waning of the night, for in her arms she clasped the precious relic of the Sisters, yielded, despite its sanctity, to her pitiful appeal.

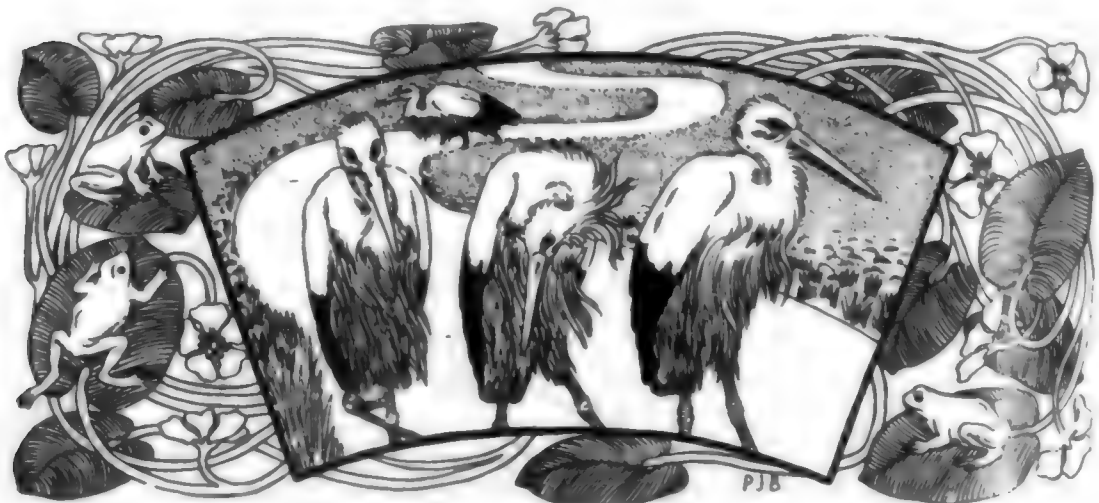
The miles vanished under her feet, the darkness thinned into grey; nearer grew the bogland, the cabins of Knocknaclish Bounding, running, leaping, Rose won closer to her goal; leaving the track sometimes, she scrambled for speed's sake down the hill-side, heedless of all save the soul that lingered for her coming in the Black Valley.

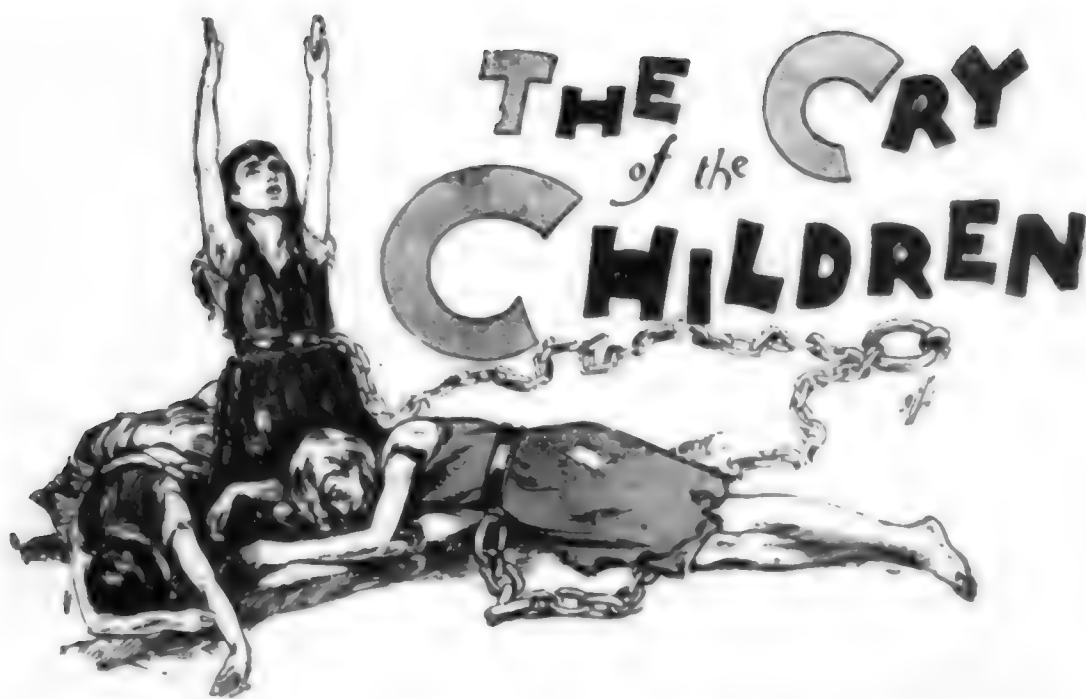
She fled along the level, triumph in her eyes. Her body seemed subservient to her will; the fire of love in her heart mastered mortal weariness.

Behind the mountains the sky trembled into light, a new day flushing into rosy life at the coming of the sun. Knocknaclish lay clear on the bogland.

One by one the cabins flashed past her. At her back the sky kindled into pearly colour; a sun ray, golden and straight, touched the thatch on Kelly's hut.

The half-latched door yielded; with her precious burden Rose stumbled over the threshold. But in the brown murkiness of the cabin, Dan Kelly lay—dead.





WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY D. MACPHERSON

## VI.—CANAL CHILDREN

*"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,  
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitant,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,  
And your purple shows your path;  
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath!"*



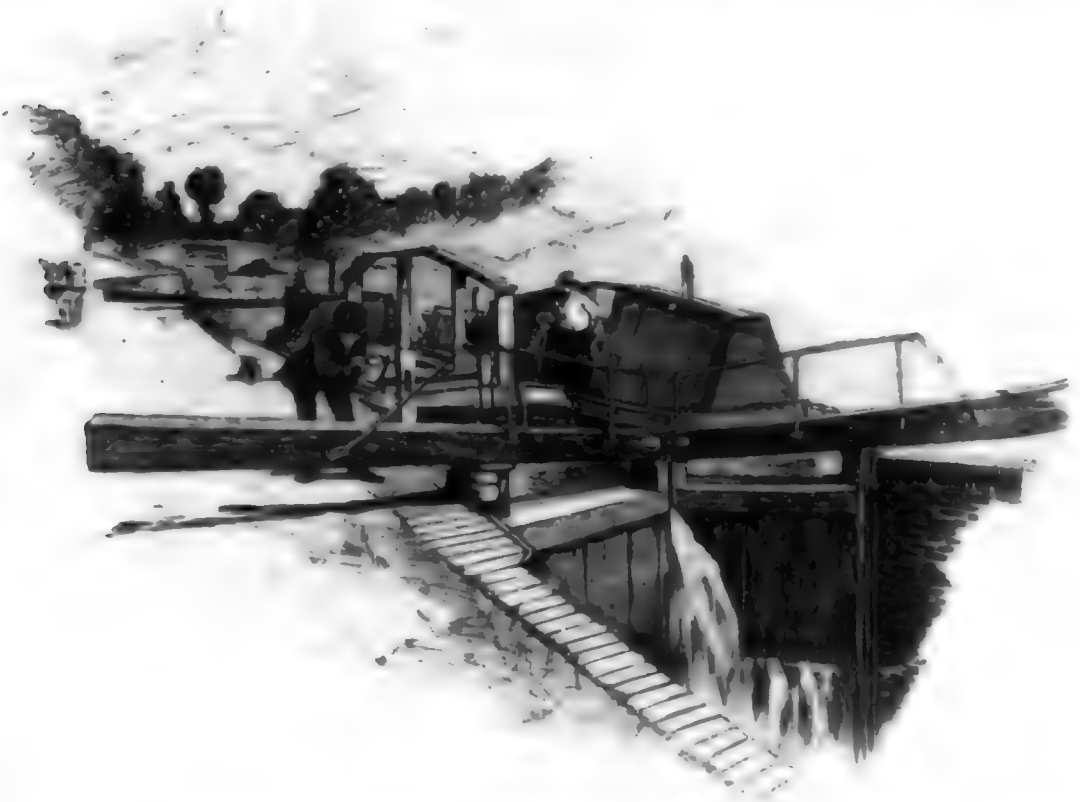
**A**LTHOUGH two Acts of Parliament have been specially passed for the protection of children whose parents gain their livelihood upon canal boats, certain sections of these Acts are more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and there still remain many hardships in the lives of these little ones against which the law seems powerless to prevail. As I have pointed out in the course of these articles, it is a natural law in certain classes of the community that children should begin to work at the earliest possible age, and as with the weary little toilers in the East End, so

with the children whose lives are for the most part passed in the cramped space of the cabin of a canal boat. There is always work to be done where the father is lazy or has too deep an affection for the sordid alehouses that line our English water-ways, and it is the children who aid the mother in its accomplishment.

Despite the particular regulations of the Act with regard to the education of canal children, there is scarcely a boat, however far it may be from its place of registration—where the children are supposed to attend school—that has not its full complement of little ones, and the mothers with furtive eyes will answer when questioned, "O! they go to school sometimes." But children gain their chief education from the rough life of the canal, with its oaths, and blows, and

curses, its weary plodding for miles in slush and mire, or under a burning sun, and in the pernicious atmosphere of the cabins, which are almost Japanese in the ingenuity of their construction. It is, therefore, scarcely a matter for wonder that the canal people are a race apart, marrying and intermarrying amongst themselves, each generation transmitting the traditions of its fathers to the children, living and -dying upon the "cut," and

for a space that contains not much more than two hundred cubic feet of air cannot afford a particularly healthy sleeping-place for a mother, father, and sometimes five children. In the corner close to the ladder is a tiny stove upon which, by dexterous management, all the meals for the family are cooked—no light undertaking, for whatever may be his shortcomings the "bargee" lives as well as, and often better than his means permit.



THE LOCK

seeing in their offspring only so many assistants in their daily toil.

The barges, laden to the water's edge with every variety of produce, go up and down the country dragged through the narrow canals by long-suffering and hard-working horses. In the stern of each of these barges is the cabin, its roof rising a little higher than the deck, from which it is entered by a steep ladder. As a rule the exterior woodwork is elaborately carved and painted, but so far as the night-time is concerned the outwardly gay appearance is but the whitening of a sepulchre,

Cupboards, the space under the sleeping-bunk, and the table itself, all serve as resting-places for the children that cannot be accommodated in the same bed with their parents. Already uncomfortably heated by the stove, the atmosphere in the confined space at night can be easily imagined; yet there are thousands of children who are born and brought up in these canal-boat cabins. When the weather is fine, however, the canal-child has nothing to complain of regarding the amount of fresh air it is able to enjoy, but it pays heavily for a privilege denied to

its unhappy little brethren of the East End.

From earliest dawn when the boats continue their journey, the majority of the children are hard at work. Some of them walk mile after mile at the horse's head, with perhaps a brutal father taking his ease at the helm, showering curses and oaths upon them, with the promise

tugged and pushed, exerting all his little strength to raise the iron doors in the lower part of the gates, but easily as they moved through constant use the effort was beyond him, and finally one of the bargemen had to come to his help. Then when the gates were opened the boy ran off at the horse's head, still breathless and palpitating from his



TOWING

of blows if they do not move fast enough to suit his pleasure. The locks are frequent, each boat carrying a key with which to open the gates, and it is no uncommon thing to see a boy of ten or twelve, clad in corduroy many sizes too big for him, struggling to turn the iron handle which opens the sluices, the father meanwhile smoking placidly in the sinking or rising barge. Not far from London the writer saw a small boy vainly attempting to move the sluices whilst the men in three barges in the lock remained idly in their boats. He

struggle. Such a strain, if constantly exerted upon the tender muscles and slight bones of a growing child, must have a disastrous effect, nor can much advantage accrue to a girl of thirteen or fourteen who constantly helps in the roughest kind of work connected with canal life. Quite close to this particular lock was a long quay at which several barges were waiting to discharge their cargoes of coal. A series of buckets placed one after the other upon a revolving chain, worked by machinery, took

the coal from the hold of the barge, each bucket discharging its contents when the chain reached the point at which it turned over. One barge had been emptied, and the next in order of precedence was at some little distance from the shed in which this apparatus stood. Whilst the father pulled at a rope fixed to the bow, a girl and boy both pulled at another rope fixed to the stern. Twisting the thick rope once or twice round her waist, and leaning backwards, the child, aided by her younger brother, pulled with all her force, the muscles in her hands and arms tense and strained, and her face crimson. This went on for quite ten minutes, the children almost lying flat upon the ground in their efforts to move the barge, the father's work in the meantime being of the most perfunctory character. The mother stood in the cabin doorway,

and in the intervals of drying plates with a cloth, screamed directions and reproofs at the top of her voice.

In cold weather, the exposure to which these children are subjected is most serious, and it is a fact little short of marvellous that so many of them reach maturity. It may be argued that since from their earliest years they are accustomed to the hardest of lives, circumstances that to the uninitiated have the appearance of hardships are not so regarded by the children themselves. It may also be further urged that they are protected by the law, and that their lot is infinitely happier than it was fourteen years ago. But surely no arguments can prove that it is right for the strength of growing children, whose nights are passed in a vitiated atmosphere, to be strained and tired, hourly and daily, by work which is only fitted



A BARGE FAMILY



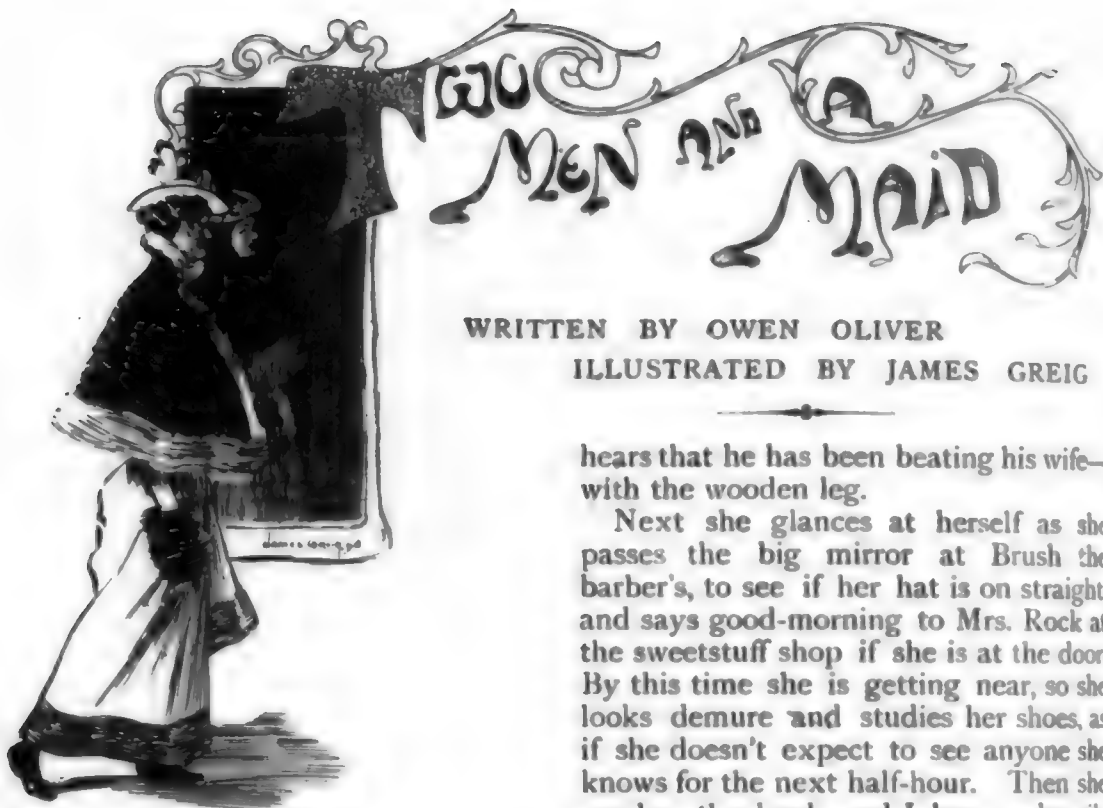
for a man. Apart from the question of education which, despite laws and regulations, inspectors and penalties, leaves everything to be desired, the toil to which the larger number of canal children are subjected is, alone upon the score of humanity, a most serious matter. The law is very clear and precise in all the essentials affecting not only the education of these children but also as regards the number, age, and sex of the persons living upon each boat, yet "They go to school sometimes" is the invariable formula of the parental replies as to their children's education, and the boats literally swarm with little ones of all ages! The great majority begin life upon the "cut" and end it upon the "cut," arriving at manhood and womanhood by a childhood of hardship and bodily toil, that, well fed as are the greater number of them, must leave indelible marks not only on the body but on the mind. In this class it is not a case of children's labour being exploited for the benefit of semi-starving parents compelled to labour at ill-paid tasks; but the work is there—hard, body-tearing work—and the canal children bear an all too large share in its accomplishment. There are stories of little children fainting from sheer fatigue upon the towing-path, of young girls standing half-frozen at the tiller, whilst a young brother or sister splashes miserably through mud and snow and



GALLEY SLAVES

slush on the canal bank showering oaths of which he does not know the meaning upon the equally miserable horse. There are stories, too, of horrible cruelties that need no repetition; for is not the cruelty that condemns weary little children to sleep night after night in a closely-confined space, arranged in their beds like wares upon the shelves of a grocer's shop, sufficiently great and sufficiently harmful? There is nothing hidden in the labour of canal children; for upon the banks of the narrow waterways fathers and mothers may be heard yelling directions to children who are working like galley-slaves, and each one of whom, according to the law, should be at school. And the yells and the work are there for all the world to see, yet the children are still toiling—little water-gipsies whose hearts are filled with terror of the "inspector" and the "strap."





WRITTEN BY OWEN OLIVER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG

**A** FELLOW must stop work sometimes, if he's to keep his head clear, don't you know. I always take a rest and look out of the bow window about two o'clock, when the manager has gone to lunch.

By a pleasant coincidence May Fenton generally passes about that time, sometimes alone and sometimes with her cousin Alice. I can see her coming all the way from the music-shop at the corner, if the road is clear.

On ordinary occasions she looks in Tape the draper's for about two minutes; if there are fresh hats in the window she stops for ten, and I begin to be afraid that the manager will be back before she reaches the bank. When a sale is on she goes in, and I never see her come out at all; but, fortunately, that is only twice a year.

After tearing herself away from Tape's, she trips along, nodding to Bun the baker and Mrs. Bones the butcher's wife. Just before coming to Smelt the fish-monger's, she crosses over to this side and gives the wooden-legged sweeper a penny. Sometimes she gives him a lecture too, but that is only when she

hears that he has been beating his wife—with the wooden leg.

Next she glances at herself as she passes the big mirror at Brush the barber's, to see if her hat is on straight, and says good-morning to Mrs. Rock at the sweetstuff shop if she is at the door. By this time she is getting near, so she looks demure and studies her shoes, as if she doesn't expect to see anyone she knows for the next half-hour. Then she reaches the bank, and I bow and smile from the window—unless I can think of an excuse to go to the door.

What used to annoy me was that Jones, of the insurance company, next door, was always looking out of his window at the same period. It is a pity that his governor doesn't give him a little more to occupy his time! You see I never could tell whether I got the leavings of a smile for Jones, or he had the beginning of a smile for me. I always believed that *my* share of her smile was the brightest; but even then it might be either because she liked me best, or because she didn't. Girls are such funny creatures, don't you know!

Another annoying thing about Jones was that you could never go to Dr. Fenton's (her father, you know) without meeting him. If you went to Lawyer Fenton's (he's her uncle) when she was there, it was just the same. Of course, he had a right to go if he chose, but I couldn't see that he need go so often, so I thought we'd better have an understanding.

"Look here, old chap," I observed, one evening, when we were walking home together after a football match—

he and I play together on the wing, I may mention, and I couldn't wish for a better partner—"you and I have been jolly good friends ever since I came to Mugford." That was about six months.

"Let's try and keep so, old man," he answered. He's a capital fellow on the whole, you know.

"The only drawback is that our tastes are so *very* similar," I suggested, meaningly.

"A bit too similar," he agreed, understandingly.

"Well, yes," he assented doubtfully. "I suppose they might." Then he brightened up. "What do you say to half-past one?"

"The very thing!"

"And I'll keep to two o'clock."

"What!" said I. "I thought you meant half-past one for yourself!"

"No, no," he responded. "Two was my time long before you came. *You* must change."

"I'm hanged if I do!" I didn't say "hanged," but the editor doesn't ap-



"HE AND I PLAY TOGETHER"

"Exactly; I was wondering if we couldn't——" I didn't know exactly how to put it, so I paused.

"Umph!" said he. "In what way?"

"Well—er—the fact is, old man, I notice that you are always at your window about two o'clock."

"For the matter of that, so are you."

"I know; that's where it is. I was thinking that perhaps people might think it—er—seemed peculiar, don't you know; and that we might look out at different times."

prove of realism. We walked on for some time in moody silence.

"Give me the bag," he said, shortly, when we came to the corner where our ways parted. I was carrying his things as well as mine, because he'd had a beastly kick.

"Don't be a fool. I'm going to carry it to your door."

He nodded.

"The fact is, old man," he said solemnly, "we're both at our windows for the same purpose. It's a deuced pity."

"It is; but it can't be helped, I suppose."

"I was in love with her long before you came to Mugford. So it seems to me that I have the best claim, Morton."

"That's nonsense, Jones," I replied indignantly. "I fell in love with her the moment I saw her. I couldn't possibly do so before."

"It is a pity she is so *very* good-looking and nice," he remarked thoughtfully, "because I should be satisfied with her if she were only half as jolly. And perhaps you——"

"I should be in love with her if she were only a quarter as nice as she is," I protested vigorously. "She would be nicer than anyone else then."

"Some people think her cousin nearly as nice," he suggested doubtfully.

"But that's nonsense."

"I think so." He sighed. "But it is a pity we both want her."

"Since only one can have her."

"If either. I tell you what it is: if we don't mind someone else will carry her off whilst we're hindering one another."

"Jones," said I, "you're quite right. We mustn't let that occur. If I can't have her myself I'd—I'd—rather it be you—dash it all!"

"And I'd rather it be you, Morton—if—if—Confound it! it won't bear thinking about."

We walked along silently for a few minutes.

"We won't hate one another more than we can help, old boy," I proposed, when we came to his door. He held out his hand and I shook it.

"Come in a minute," he said suddenly. "I've something to propose." So I went in. He didn't even get out the whisky, he was so upset.

"For the last six months," he said bitterly, "whenever I've wanted to talk to her you've been somewhere about."

"You seemed to make yourself pretty attentive to her cousin," I retorted.

"For the matter of that, so did you, whenever I was talking to her."

"A fellow must be civil, my dear boy."

"Her cousin is very nice too," he said,

looking at me out of the corners of his eyes. "I suppose you couldn't——"

"No, I couldn't," I glared. "Perhaps you——"

"Don't be a fool! As if I could compare anyone with her."

"Or as if I could," I said scornfully. "Why she's prettier, cleverer, nicer, better in every way."

There was a gloomy silence. I lit my pipe, ignoring the cigar-box which he pushed towards me, and he twirled his moustache.

"We'd better get it settled one way or the other," he said, at length. "We shall never do it while we both hang round together. Suppose we agree to go there alone for a week in turns; neither to propose during his first week, but to make his intentions clear."

"Done," I responded. "Shall we toss for first week?"

"No. I'll give you first."

"Then you don't care for her as I do," I told him passionately, "or you wouldn't offer me any advantage." He tried to light a cigar without taking off the end.

"Don't be too sure," he said quietly. "She's known me for six years, and you for six months. If she hasn't learnt to care for me enough to hold out against you for a week—why, she'd better not marry me." I grasped Jones' hand suddenly.

"Good old partner," I said huskily. "I won't take any advantage over you. It's no use your arguing."

"Then we'll toss," said he, producing a coin. "Sudden death!"—and he spun it.

"Lady, of course!" said I. "Lady" it was. Jones tried to whistle, as if he didn't care; but I knew he did.

"I—I'm deuced sorry we're rivals, old man," I said. Then I went, leaving him looking at the fire.

After dinner I smartened myself up and went round to Dr. Fenton's. As luck would have it, May was alone in the drawing-room; and she certainly seemed pleased to see me.

"You will be dull to-night," she said, with demure face and laughing eyes; "Alice isn't coming."

"So will you," I answered; "Jones won't be here, either." I held her hand



"'IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY THE FOOL WITH ME,' HE BEGAN FURIOUSLY"

for several seconds, and I felt sure she liked me, don't you know.

"I don't mind—for once."

"Neither do I."

Then we talked about all sorts of things. You've no idea how jolly May is to talk to! I was getting near the Seventh Heaven when the door opened and in walked Jones.

"You here!" said he.

"You here!" said I.

"This is a surprise," said May.

"It certainly *is*," I added, angrily.

"I am equally surprised to see Mr. Morton here," said Jones, looking as if he would like to punch my head.

May looked at us in wonder, and evidently thought it desirable to turn the conversation. "Why—it isn't so astonishing, is it? You've both been here before, you know, and we're always pleased to see you. How is your leg, Mr. Jones? It was a nasty kick, I'm afraid; but it was a pure accident, don't you think, Mr. Morton?" she chattered on; whilst Jones and I looked murderous.

"If you think you're going to play the fool with me," he began, furiously.

"If you're not man enough to keep your word," I said, hotly, "let us put it to Miss May now." I took hold of her arm.

"Why, whatever is the matter with you two silly men?" she asked, in bewilderment. But she didn't take her arm away. Then Jones burst into excited laughter.

"My *dear* old friend," he cried, "we've been at cross purposes, thank God! I meant—someone else!"

"Alice!" I cried, delightedly.

"Of course!" We shook hands.

"I *am* glad," I said; "but you certainly described—someone else." We both laughed, and May looked at me with her dear, big, blue eyes wide open.

"I don't understand," she said, blushing because I wouldn't let go her arm.

"Morton will explain," said Jones, chuckling. Then he bolted.

So I explained; and now May's smile begins as soon as she comes round the corner, and I know it is all for me. It always was, she says!



# Quaint Seals

WRITTEN BY ROBERT MACHRAY. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOS

IT would be too much to say that the engraving of seals is a lost art. It is, however, undoubtedly the case that our modern custom has tended, and tends more and more, not only to the vulgarisation—if I may use the word—of seals, but also to the doing away with them altogether. For the seal—elegant as to its design, frequently fine beyond all words in its execution, beautiful even as to the very material of which it was made—is one of the many things that come to us from the days of old which are passing away.

As a matter of fact, seals have become less important nowadays than they were even a century ago. We pay far greater regard now to the signature of the person than to his seal. Formerly the seal was everything, now the signature is. We are all familiar with the precautions taken in safeguarding the lock and key of a treasure-chamber; even more extraordinary care was taken with regard to the matrix, or stamp from which the impression was made, of a seal. Thus, we are told, it was a common thing to have the matrix divided into three or four parts, each portion being kept by a different person, so that, when it was necessary to have any document attested everyone in-

terested in the matter had to be present when the seal was affixed, or had, at least, to indicate consent by permitting the use of the part required. At the present time a small wafer or even a circular bit of red or gold paper opposite the signature is thought quite sufficient.

There used to be something very personal about a man's seal, particularly if the seal was one made by a signet ring. So, to give to anyone another's signet ring was held to indicate that the latter had transferred to the former the power to act for him. How very personal and individual was the seal may be seen from the fact that the official seal of any person of importance was, in



NO. I

ancient times, nearly always the likeness of the man himself. The custom has in some degrees survived to our own day, for when the effigy of her Majesty appears on the Great Seal she is simply following in the beaten track of all her ancestors from William the Conqueror downwards.

I do not know any more interesting example of this kind of seal than that presented here of the great and famous Simon de Montfort, the historic Earl of Leicester, whose name is generally identified with Magna Charta and the never-to-be-praised-enough British Con-

stitution. The seal (No. 1) represents the knight, mounted on his steed, blowing a horn calling to the chase, while alongside of the charger runs a fleet-footed hound.

A large seal of this sort was known by the Latin word *authenticum*. It was usual, however, to further test its authenticity, and this was done by putting a smaller seal, called *secretum*, on the back of the big one. The second illustration is that of the *secretum* of Simon de Montfort. It is interesting also to notice that these two kinds of seals are



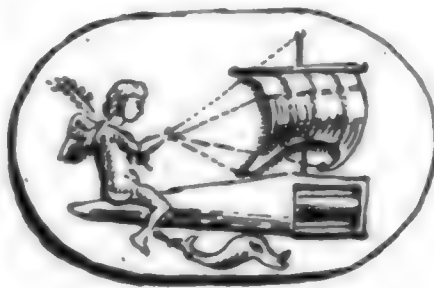
NO. 1

first peoples to use seals, made the matrices of gem-like crystals, carnelian, lapis-lazuli, amethysts, jasper, and even of porcelain. Seals were not particularly common in Greece, but they were very much used in Rome. The use of them came into Western Europe through the Byzantine emperors, the fashion passing from Constantinople to the first kings of France.

The great majority of these ancient gem-seals are very beautiful specimens of the engraver's art, and I have selected for representation here some of the quaintest



NO. 3



NO. 4



NO. 5

the primitive types of the Great Seal and of the Privy Seal.

Seals have been made both from valuable and from common materials. They have been made not only from, but also of gold and silver, for in certain countries the seal was a piece of metal with an impression on it struck from a die, exactly like a coin. We have probably all seen seals of this kind, with this difference, however, that the material used was neither gold nor silver, but a chunk of lead. The Assyrians and the Egyptians, the

I have been able to find. In the first (No. 3), a skeleton—a ghost, according to classical ideas—is seen leaning upon a tall wine-jar; he holds a scent bottle; the whole being a symbolisation of the philosophy of Epicurus—a hint to enjoy life and its sweets while you may. I commend the device to the attention of the Omar Khay'yam Society. The second (No. 4) shows Cupid making a boat of a scent bottle, while for the sail of his craft he uses the kerchief of a lady. This gem-seal is in Berlin



NO. 6

The next (No. 5) has for its central figure a stork, the bird of passage, carrying Abundance, an indication of success in business. The fourth (No. 6) is perhaps more amusing than quaint; three children are at play, and one of

porations, but it will be readily understood that such seals can hardly be brought under the heading of quaint.



NO. 7

them is scaring the other two by wearing a large mask. The fifth (No. 7) is extremely quaint, and emphasizes a moral. The locust, the personification of idleness and mischief, is seated, driving a plough which is drawn by a pair of bees, the types of industry. Of the other examples chosen (Nos. 8, 9, 10), it is not necessary to say much, except, perhaps, in the case of that where the two figures are seen carrying a wine-skin in a galley or a primitive boat. These two gentlemen are intended to stand for the inventors—shall I say?—



NO. 9

They generally introduce religious symbols, and figures of the Saviour or of the Saints, while a very favourite subject is that of the Mother and the Child. It not infrequently happens that some of these devices appear rather grotesque,



NO. 8

of navigation and commerce; the wine-skin, full, is the somewhat dubious cargo they bring to mankind.

The most beautiful of all seals were those employed by ecclesiastical cor-



NO. 10

but we may be quite sure nothing of the kind was intended. The specimen given here (No. 11), while it is not the seal of

nourishing her brood with the blood which she has pierced her own breast to obtain for her young ones. The meaning of the allegory is made clear by the rhyming couplet:

Jesu me smyte smertte  
Deep into the hertte.



NO. 11

any ecclesiastical body, is yet of a religious character. The main idea is borrowed from the old mythology, but it has been changed into a Christian symbol. In the centre, a pelican is seen

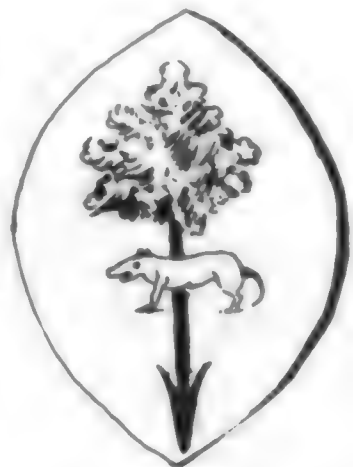


NO. 13

Very handsome seals were used by lay corporations, especially by the municipalities of towns. The device employed was quite often a model of the town itself. Here (No. 12) is a somewhat grotesque seal of Dover. Perhaps I ought to say it is an ancient one, and not in use now. From the centre of an antique vessel rises a mast crossed by a yard to which the sail is reefed in seven festoons; above this is a top-castle, and higher still floats a three-tailed pennon. The bow and the stern of the ship are both



NO. 12



NO. 14

alike, each having a fighting gallery. The figure seen climbing up the shrouds is nude—this peculiarity on the part of Dover sailors has, I understand, been discontinued.

In the next illustration (No. 13) is seen the seal of Sir Thomas Lucy, the

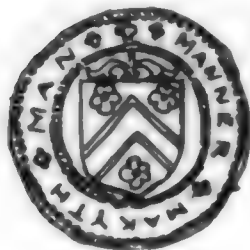
the representation of the name being given by a bolt, and a tun (cask) combined within a shield. Another example is afforded by the name Wylmot. In South Kensington Museum there is a signet ring on the bezel of which is WV, next, a tree—presumably an elm, followed by OT, the whole forming Wylmot. The illustration opposite (No. 14) is another instance.



NO. 15

knight who flourished in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and whose name is connected with the early adventures of Shakespeare. The seal is decidedly quaint, as it displays the three *Lucies*

interlaced, which the dramatist has been accused of ridiculing. The three *Lucies* are pike (*Lucius*, a pike) and the pun was too much for the engraver.



NO. 16

A feature of the Middle Ages was the use by tradesmen of certain marks or symbols, introducing a name in the form of a rebus. A common example is furnished by such a word as Bolton;



NO. 17

It was very usual to indicate a man's business by some device on his seal: thus, a horseshoe betokened that of a farrier. But perhaps the quaintest of all seals, so far at any rate as I have been able to discover, are to be found in connection with the scholastic foundations of the time of Edward VI. Here are some: The first (No. 15), a large



NO. 18



seal, is that of the Free Grammar School of Dronfield, founded 1579, by a certain Henry Fanshawe, Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer. In the centre of the seal the reference to chequers will be observed. According to Camden, "The exchequer is a long, square board about ten feet long and five broad, like a table for persons to sit at. On each side it has a border about four fingers broad; over it lies a cloth, not of any colour, but black striped with white, the stripes being about a foot or hand's breadth asunder."

The next (No. 16) is given because it is the *secretum* of William of Wykeham;

notice his memorable motto, *Manners makyth man*.

The next (No. 17) is the seal of the school at Rivington, near Bolton. It represents a schoolmaster seated, with a pupil in front of him. The formidable-looking arrangement which he here has in his hand is not a frying-pan, although it certainly looks like it, but a ferrule—to be applied to the child (see the child) when the said child required it. The last (No. 18) still further gives point to this idea of the birch, as it affords not only a practical illustration of its use, but also has as its motto, *Qui parcat virge, odit filium*—who spares the rod, &c.



THE YOUNG CAVALIER

Photo by Lillie Garot-Charles

# A LITTLE SHIP WAS ON THE SEA



WRITTEN BY H. D. LOWRY. ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR



THE Visitor had been writing during the afternoon, and the end of it all was disappointment. There were private matters, vague and hardly to be defined in words, that made him discontented with the whole wide world, and, beyond all, at enmity with himself. He ceased from his labours, and the quiet of his cottage lodging began to prey on him, until he could bear with it no longer. He took his cap and went to get comfort with Doris.

She was lying on the hearth-rug, a book of fairy-tales open before her, and her dog was at her side. Both welcomed the new-comer. "If you have come to dinner," said Doris, "you will have to wait a long time. They have gone to a garden-party at Lanjestyn, and it is a long drive back. Are you very well?"

The Visitor sat down beside her on the hearth-rug in a curious lazy way he had. "I'm quite well in my body," he said, "but I am not a bit happy. And yet there is nothing wrong."

Doris stretched out a hand and touched him lightly, so that he knew she understood. "I know," she said softly.

There was silence for a little while. "Will they be really long?" he asked at last. "I am not going to have dinner alone."

"I expect they'll be an hour or two," she said. "What shall we do?"

The Visitor reflected. "It is a lovely evening," he answered. "Do you think we might go down to the harbour and look up at the village? I should be better tempered if we were down by the sea."

"I'll get a hat," said Doris promptly, "and may 'Christmas' come?"

The dog answered for himself, and so they quickly descended to the harbour. A little pier runs out from the shore, then turns at right angles, and wards some hundred yards or more of it from the onslaught of the sea. They walked slowly to and fro, with the lights of the village running up the hill beyond the water. They had the swell of the harbour in their nostrils; they could hear the quiet movements of the sea, the broken sounds that told of life on the hill. They looked beyond the harbour

wall into the dusk that brooded over the sea, and Doris did not speak, until the Visitor drew in a great breath of the clear air and sighed contentedly.

"I knew you wouldn't mind soon," she said.

"You are a very wise child," he answered. "I don't mind a bit. But what have you been thinking of? I'm sure there was something."

The twilight had deepened while they promenaded on the pier. The lights on the hillside shone yellower through the thicket of masts and rigging in the harbour; and the figures that moved now and again on its further side were shadows hardly to be distinguished. Doris gazed out at the sea. "It is the Galilee ship," she said dreamily. "I was watching that big light which rises and falls so gently and wondering if it were the ship waiting. Do you think there is a storm coming up? It would hardly be there if the sea were going to be calm much longer."

The little waves lifted and fell most gently. "What do you mean, Doris?" said the Visitor, turning to watch the light. "I never heard of the ship. There will be no storm for a long time, if I know anything of the weather."

"You know how there was a great tempest on the Sea

of Galilee, so that the little ship was covered with waves? And the disciples saw that Christ was sleeping, and were afraid. So they called on Him to save them, and He spoke to the waves. Then there was a great calm, and the moonlight came on the waters, and the ship glided towards the harbour in safety. That is the ship I mean."

"Tell me everything," entreated the Visitor.



"DORIS GAZED OUT TO SEA

"Do you think the ship fell to pieces afterwards, like the boats down by the slips when they are old? I thought you knew about fisher people and sailors. It is a thing that every fisherman knows, and every fisherman's wife: the Galilee ship is still on the sea, and never a storm

"I tell you everything," said the child, "because you seem to know so much, and then you understand. But I can't remember when I was in danger. Perhaps it was long ago—even before I was a mermaid in the days I told you of. I remember it all in the same way, and



"'THEN THE SHIP CAME'"

can wreck it. It travels on all the seas, but only those who have been in danger know of it, and afterwards they do not tell, for it is a beautiful thing to know, and they keep it to think over."

"But when were you in danger, Doris?" asked the Visitor. "And why do you tell me?"

it does not seem long ago, except that I must always have known it. The night was dark, and the great waves broke over the deck, so that we were wet, and cold, and afraid. Some one had tied me to the mast, and I sang the sea-hymn that you taught me (isn't it strange that I must have known it then, long and

long before I knew you?), but the wind beat on my face like a flapping sail, and I think the sailors did not hear."

"Sing the hymn now," said the Visitor softly, and Doris sang to the accompanying lap of quiet waves.

*Master and Lord, O come Thou near,  
Rebuke the waters once again:  
The dark night shuts us round with 'ear,  
And awful is Thine angry main.*

*Master and Lord, we pray to Thee,  
That Thou wilt bring us to the land;  
Silence the storm, make still the sea  
Thou holdest in Thine hollowed hand.*

*But chiefly for this grace we pray:  
That Thou wilt purge our hearts of sin,  
And keep them clean until the day  
That Thou shalt choose to enter in.*

*Master and Lord, on Thee we call,  
Out of this dark and awful night;  
For Thou alone canst save us all  
And change this darkness into light.*

"I sang on in spite of the wind, and suddenly a wonderful thing happened; for in a second it grew utterly quiet, so that I could sing no longer. It was still dark, but you felt just as you do a moment before the moon rises: you knew that something beautiful was coming, and you waited. Then the ship came. There was no more wind. It moved through the waters as a cloud floats in the sky, and somehow our ship followed it. Everyone was quiet, for the ship was all surrounded with a lovely golden light, so that we could only half see the people on its deck. But we knew who they were, and we should have been afraid if we had not felt so wonderfully safe.

"The sea was still quiet, and we moved quickly after the other ship. I suppose that I was tired after the storm,

for presently I grew more and more contented, and in the end I fell asleep."

"And afterwards?" said the Visitor.

"Long afterwards I woke, and at first I wondered where I was. It was a beautiful still night, and all the stars were shining. We were at anchor in the harbour, and the sailors were sleeping, tired out with fighting the storm. They lay resting on the deck, and none of them was afraid any longer, for they had known the ship and its crew. There were a few lights shining in the village, but the only sound was the noise of the stream that comes down the valley. So I sat on the deck and waited till the sunlight came, and then we all went ashore."

"And had they also seen the ship that saved you?"

"They could not help it; but they did not say a word. The thing was too beautiful to talk about: they kept it to think of in their hearts. But they would never forget, and all the people who go down into the sea have the same secret."

"I have been often on the sea, and sometimes in danger, but I never saw the ship. I must look out for it. But why did you tell me, Doris?"

Doris looked up gravely out of the twilight. "Because I knew you would understand, and because you were not happy. But I can see that you are happier now, and . . . Ought we to go back to dinner?"

The Visitor looked about him and saw that the night had fallen. "I am afraid we must," he said, "I am afraid we must. But the harbour is just beginning to be pleasant, and I love the sea better now that I know the secret."

Then they went back through the village to the house on the hill.

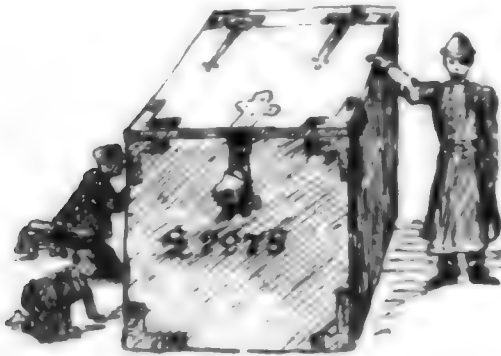




# The Value of London

WRITTEN BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE

LONDON is said to be the biggest city in the world, and there is little doubt but that the saying is well-founded. It is also frequently quoted as being the wealthiest metropolis, and while this fact is pro-



EVERY MEMBER OF THE POLICE FORCE GUARDS ON AN AVERAGE PROPERTY TO THE VALUE OF £3,978

bably correctly stated, it is well to bear in mind that it can only be founded on guesswork, since to decide the point one must become acquainted with the wealth possessed by other cities, and to do this were no easy matter.

The bare statement contained in the above paragraph suggests a series of calculations. What is London worth? What would be a fair price to name supposing some multi-millionaire desired to do a deal in the great metropolis? What would it cost him to run the city after he had paid the price, and what probable margin of profit would he be able to realise on his investment? Let us set to work on the problem and see where it leads us in the realms of value.

But first of all, before we proceed to put a price on the city, it is necessary to lay down a definition of what we are to value. What is London? Where does it begin? Where does it end? What authority are we to go to for our boundaries? The choice is considerable, for

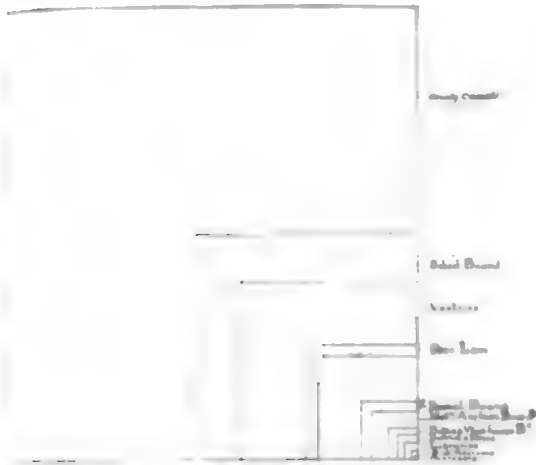
no two authorities agree in respect to its limitations. Thus we have the area of London described variously by the County Council, the Poor Law authorities, the Metropolitan School Board, the Metropolitan Police, and the Central Criminal Court, each with its jurisdiction over a varying area with proportional acreage, number of houses, and population.

Taking the Metropolitan Police area as a starting point, I find that it covers no less than 442,750 acres, of which 74,771 acres are contained in the County of London. The number of men in the Metropolitan Police Force to-day is 13,525, maintained at a cost of £1,266,311, and the rateable value of the property they guard amounts to £38,716,378. The rateable value is, of course, less than the actual value of the property referred to, but making allowance for this it may be assumed that every constable is responsible for the safe custody of property to the value of £3,000. In this connection it is also worthy of note that each



EVERY MEMBER OF THE POLICE FORCE PROTECTS THE LIVES OF 344 PEOPLE

policeman has to afford protection to 384 persons, though as only forty per cent. of the force is on duty at one time during the day, and sixty per cent.



THIS DIAGRAM EXHIBITS THE RELATIVE PROPORTIONS OF THE EXPENDITURE OF THE VARIOUS GOVERNING BODIES. THE COUNTY COUNCIL SPENDS FIFTY TIMES AS MUCH AS THE BOARDS OF OVERSEERS.

during the night, the actual number guarded is nearly doubled.

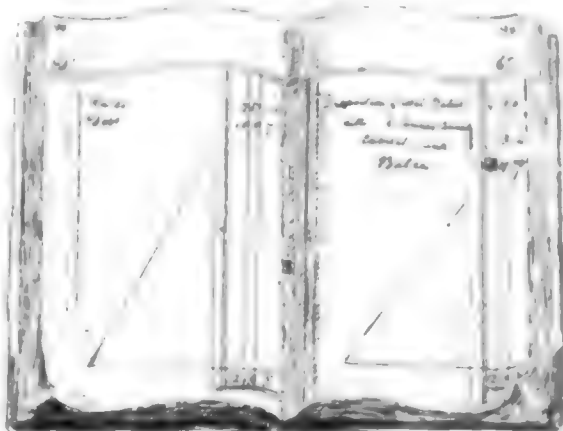
We thus get our first set of figures as to value standing at £38,716,378, but this represents merely buildings and house property. It says nothing of such items as capital sunk, wages earned, profits derived or unearned increment. And to get at these it is necessary to enter on a series of somewhat complicated calculations.

It is no exaggeration to state that London is the most complicated city in point of organisation in the world. Not only does its very territory vary for different purposes, but it is governed in ever so many different ways, all disunited, yet linked together in certain details. Thus there are the County Council, the School Board for London, the Poor Law authorities, Commissioners of Baths and Washhouses, Vestries and District Boards, Commissioners of Public Libraries, and a host of minor authorities all taking part in the complicated machinery for governing the metropolis, and all spending money and acquiring property which serves to swell the total value of the city as a whole. The value of each of these governments varies from the others according to its territories, but as the rates levied on the rateable value

of each are frequently insufficient, each vestry, as well as the County Council, and other boards, has a large amount of outstanding debt, which, according to the latest returns available, are as follows:

County Council	... ..	£37,300,000
School Board	... ..	£8,200,000
Vestries and Parish Unions		£29,600,000

And as outstanding liabilities must be taken over by the purchaser, being secured in every case on property within the area of London, these vast sums have to be included in the reckoning. I have thus dealt with the value of the buildings and the outstanding debt, and by adding the figures obtained together we get the sum of £113,316,378. In order to get at the approximate value of property other than bricks and mortar, we must turn to the income-tax returns, which show that under Schedules A and B, covering incomes in London, property to the value of £37,414,399 is taxed, while the total of incomes assessed under Schedule D, representing trade and professional profits, amounts to £134,568,227. This last-mentioned sum, gigantic though it is, does not represent the actual value of the capital invested in London. The



THE RATEPAVER'S BALANCE SHEET, SHOWING THAT THE NET AMOUNT EACH INHABITANT OF LONDON PAYS TOWARDS DEFRAYING THE COST OF MANAGING THE METROPOLIS IS £5 11s. 7d.

figures give the amount upon which income-tax is levied, in other words, the year's income, and in order to get at the amount of capital represented, a calculation is necessary. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the average tradesman does his business on the basis



panies reaches a total of £15,522,488, which sums, added to those already obtained, give a grand total representing approximately the value of the great metropolis of £1,528,874,648, or a trifle under *fifteen hundred and twenty-nine millions* pounds sterling.

The reader who has followed me thus far will probably not be particularly struck at the first sight of these figures. Ten numerals in a row do not convey overmuch to the casual spectator. Let us see if we can put them differently, so as to be more eloquent in their signification.

There are in the County of London 588,106 houses, not counting 4,007 now being built. The sum total given above divided between these houses would give a sum of £2,605 to each, irrespective of size, rent, or position. As a guide to the proportions between the actual and the representative value in house property, it may be noted that the proportion of rateable value averaged on each house is £60. Supposing that the value of London was divided between the population of London on strictly Socialistic principles, allowing every man, woman, and child to share alike, the result would be that each person in the population would receive a sum of £359 14s. as his or her share of the spoil.

To put it another way. Supposing the multi-millionaire before referred to actually concluded the deal and contracted to buy London at its par value. Assuming further that he paid the purchase-money amounting to £1,528,874,688 in sovereigns, they would weigh 10,696 tons, and would require 8,000 horses to draw them a short distance. Placed one on top of another, they would make a pile 1,290

miles high, or placed side by side along the ground would reach a distance of 24,856 miles, or rather more than nine times round the earth. And when the bullion had been finally conveyed to the appointed place for payment it would take a man—let us see how long it would, take a man to count it.

A fair average count may be taken at a hundred a minute. Of course, it is possible to count sovereigns very much more quickly than this, but long-continued counting creates a considerable



tax on the enumerator's energies, and over long periods it is doubtful whether a person could keep up the allotted 100 per 60 seconds. One hundred a minute is 6,000 an hour, or 72,000 per day of 12 hours, which gives 26,280,000 in the year. It would therefore take a man *fifty-nine years* to count the value of London in sovereigns, working 12 hours a day, and every day, Sundays included, for 12 hours, and counting at the rate of 100 per minute. If my reader does not believe this, perhaps he can sit down and count it himself. I shall be glad to hear the result.



# STUFF — AND NONSENSE

BY  
CLARENCE  
ROOK

ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SIMS

**Q**UITE a number of new papers have started during the last month or two, and every one of them on wrong lines. That is to say, on lines which must lead them inevitably to bankruptcy, the workhouse, and a pauper's grave. For all of them propose to secure famous writers as contributors at enormous expense, and to make advertisers pay through the nose for the privilege of appearing upon their pages. One single paper, however, has hit upon the right way to go to work, and that is an American paper. It has discovered that the person who should pay for a place in its pages is the contributor; and it announces that no contribution will be accepted unless accompanied by a remittance. The idea is so simple and obvious, and so exactly in accordance with all the laws of economics, that I cannot imagine why I never thought of it myself. When I edited a paper I was foolish enough to pay my contributors, and the paper paid for my folly with its life.

If you know nothing of literature you may contend that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the contributor entitled to his cheque. The view is erroneous. There are, I sorrowfully admit, writers who deliberately take advantage of the ignorance and weakness of editors and demand payment for their articles. As

often as not they get it. But looking back over my past experience I can plainly see where my mistake lay—a mistake which is being made by every editor in London. There was never the least difficulty in getting articles; I was always offered enough to fill the paper half a dozen times over. But there was enormous difficulty in getting advertisements, which, as everybody should know, are the most important part of a paper. Contributors called day after day at the office, wildly anxious to get their articles published. The advertisers stayed in their own offices and never worried themselves in the least about getting their advertisements into my paper. And yet the obvious solution of the difficulty never struck me. It did not occur to me to charge the contributors a fee for appearing in the paper and to pay the advertiser, whom I wanted so badly.

In the new paper which I am scheming out I shall not make the same silly mistake again. Advertisements are the life-blood of a paper. So in the first place I shall get together all the best advertisers in London and pay them—in no petty spirit of penury—for their contributions. The really well-known firms will get as much as ten guineas a thousand words, which is what many of the other well-known writers of fiction ask—unjustly—and obtain. Then I shall turn to the literary side of the paper. I shall not dream of approaching such people as Mr. Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry James, or



Mr. Anthony Hope. They have so often seen themselves in print that the novelty of it has worn off, and I do not suppose they would pay me a guinea a column to get their stories published in my paper. I shall go for the neglected millions who have a message to deliver to their generation, and no pulpit to preach from. You have no idea of the prevalence and potency of the passion for publication if you have not sat in an editorial office or talked with a publisher who issues books at the author's expense. The crank and the faddist, the gentlemen who would persuade us that the earth is flat, and that we are the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel, the young man who has failed to make his mark in grocery and would fain make it in literature, the young lady who tips an over-full soul into verse that the world would willingly let die—all these will find a welcome in my paper, at so much per column. The less grammar the more money, and bad spelling will be an extra. You may argue that such a paper would not appeal to the reading public, and would have no circulation. It would circulate among the contributors. And if you knew anything about newspapers you would know that the circulation doesn't matter a bit so long as you have the advertisements.

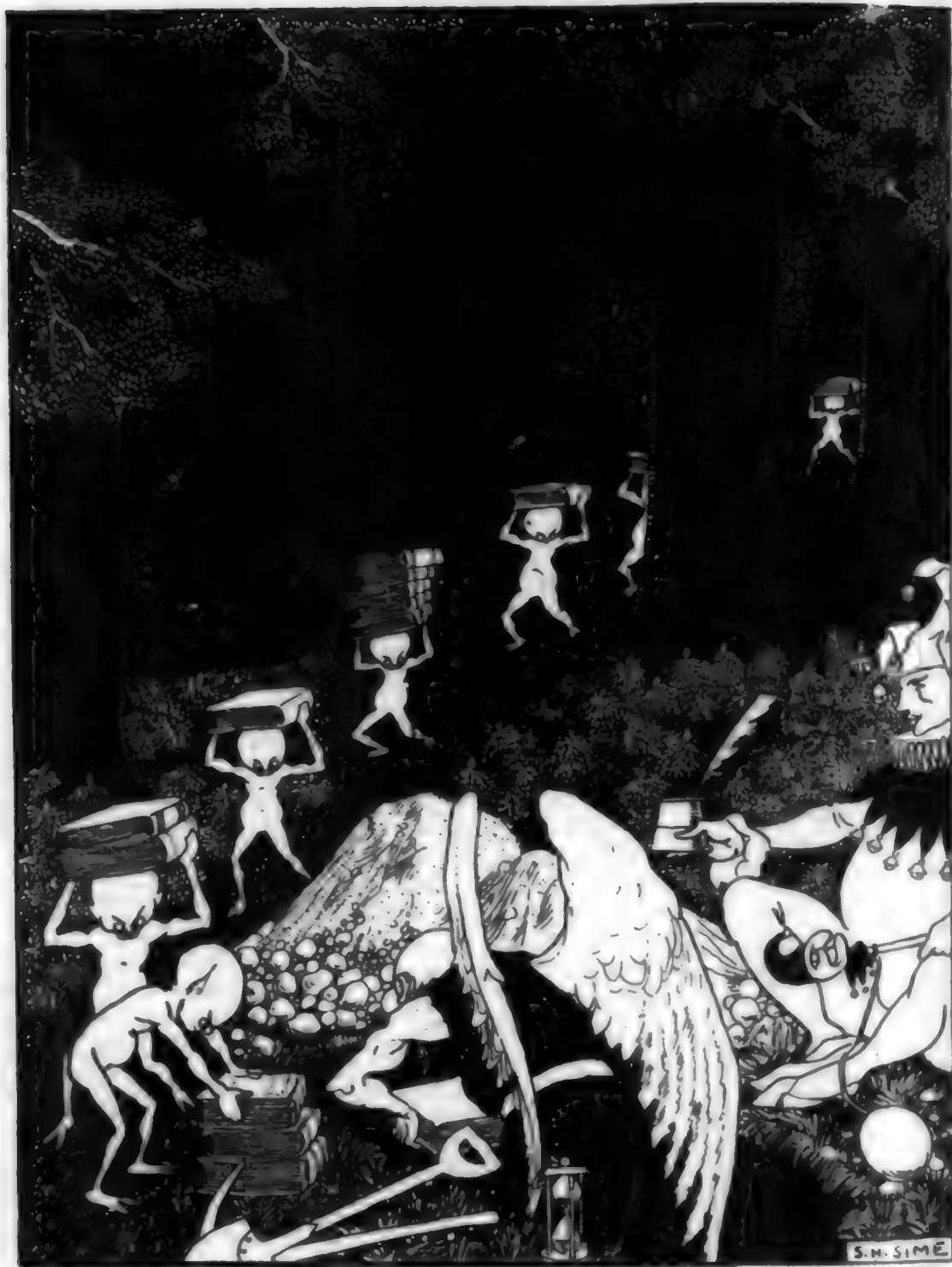
And after all the inversion is not so complete as it seems. For the carefully selected advertisements, for which I propose to pay, will convey to you just the information you require—where to buy

soap, how to get pianos on the hire system, who will lend you money on personal security with no publicity, and distance no object, what will remove that tired feeling, remind you of the delicious teas of thirty years ago, and cause the little cherub to awake as bright as a



"AN OVER-FULL SOUL"

button! Here we have facts, and facts are worth money. On the other hand, the contributors yearn only for publicity, and for that they must pay. So, you will perceive, the advertiser is the most valuable contributor, and the contributor the most easily obtained advertiser, and my idea is not absurd at all. Finally, I



"A PICKAXE AND A SPADE, A SPADE"

am extremely sanguine about my new paper.

•   •   •   •

About twice in every year someone protests in print against our habit of speaking with familiarity of "famous people. Six months ago Canon Ainger

was rebuking us for writing of "Tom Hood," though I fear no one would recognise him disguised as "Mr. Thomas Hood." And now an anonymous newspaper writer wants to know where our manners are that we write of Marie Lloyd without according to her the prefix which is

claimed by her sex, to say nothing of her eminence.

The protest is really a very absurd one, though its motive may be entitled to respect. For the dropping of the courtesy prefix is the most unmistakable tribute we can pay to the great ones of the earth. We talk of Cromwell, of Nelson, of Wellington, of Pitt, of Darwin, meaning no disrespect thereby, but implying that they are too great for petty compliments to their gentility. England has produced two William Shakespeares who have done credit to their name. But when we speak of Mr. William Shakespeare it is understood that we allude to the musician, who would never have denied that the Shakespeare—without the Mr.—was the greater of the two. In truth, familiarity is a tribute to fame, and by no means a breeder of contempt.

It is not only the illustrious dead of whom we speak curtly by their surnames alone. We pay the compliment to the living, if only they are great and good enough. Could there be a more convincing instance than that of the most illustrious lady in the world, of whom we have sung so many times in the past year

*"Long may Victoria reign!"*

and is not that unadorned name a thousand times more dignified than—I hardly dare write it—Mrs. V. Quelph? Indeed, it may be said that no man is hall-marked as a genius until the world has agreed to set the seal of familiarity upon his fame. The same statement applies, of course, to women. We speak of Bernhardt, of Duse, of Patti, of Chaminade, of "La Belle Otéro." That is not rudeness but apotheosis. It would however, be a shocking discourtesy to write of "Chant," pure and simple, when we mean Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

In fact, you have only to keep an eye on the names of people as they appear in conversation or in print to determine whether they have won their way to a

place among the stars or are still struggling to emerge from the grosser atmosphere which weighs down *nous autres*. If a man is always spoken of as plain Smith, or Gladstone, or Bismarck, or Barnum, he has arrived. Do we think it necessary to add any prefix to the glory of Grace, or Irving, or Sullivan? On the other hand, Mr. W. S. Gilbert is still hampered by his prefix. Ibsen is safe enough; but we have no living English dramatist who can stand forth unabashed in his naked name. Nor have we any statesmen of the first rank, since Gladstone no longer counts. For we still speak of "Lord" Salisbury, "Mr." Balfour, "Mr." Chamberlain and "Sir" William Harcourt. Of novelists Meredith, Kipling and Thomas Hardy are beyond danger. But Mr. W. E. Norris and Mr. Quiller Couch—to take examples at random—are scarcely recognisable as Couch and Norris. Marie Corelli has shed her mortal prefix and put on immortality, and Sarah Grand has nearly, if not quite, completed the process; but we are still compelled to regard "Mrs." L. T. Meade as a lady. The literary agent is remarkably cunning nowadays. It might pay him to put about paragraphs which allude to his clients by their surnames alone, and so raise their price by anticipating their fame. Yet this would be something like warming the thermometer to hasten summer. For familiarity is a consequence, and not the cause of fame.

This, of course, is a case of the meeting of extremes. "Mr." is a mark of mediocrity. You may remember the case of a young man who was lately convicted of assaulting a lady in Wales. The paper wrote of the supposed criminal as plain Spriggs. When he was released as innocent they called him "Mr." Spriggs. But if he employs his freedom by writing an immortal epic, or discovering the North Pole, or making four hundred runs in a cricket match against Australia, he will become plain Spriggs again. For when people put "Mr." in front of our names they only mean to imply that we are not known to have done anything notice-



THE PUBLIC EYE

able—either for praise or blame. When they put "Esquire" after our names they only mean that we are not known to keep a shop. Prefix and suffix alike are meant as some small consolation to people who have nothing else to be proud of.

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Wherefore, to return to the point whence we started, those who write of "Marie Lloyd" are paying that lady the compliment of elevating her to the serene altitude at which she will find

Edna Lyall, Charlotte Brontë, Rosa Bonheur, Joan of Arc, Elizabeth Fry, and Boadicea to keep her company. The people who, with the politest of intentions, write of "Miss" Marie Lloyd are dragging that lady down from her well-won eminence, and thrusting her into the ruck of such estimable but commonplace people as Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Mrs. Sheldon Amos. For my own part, not wishing to do anything so unkind, I shall stick to Marie Lloyd, pure and simple.



A GOOD SUBJECT  
Photo by H. C. Shelley



# *The Failure of the Infallible*

WRITTEN BY ROBERT CHICHESTER. ILLUSTRATED BY M. STROUD



HE sun slipped slowly behind the huge black wharfs on the Surrey side of the river. Over the green of the Temple Gardens stole a grey mist, heavy, autumnal, picturesque, changing every shade and tint into a uniform pale tan and steel.

A woman with a pale face, and a soft, grey gown, almost matching the creeping fog, stood at one of the windows of the second-floor chambers in Plowden Buildings, looking out, and swinging the blind-cord vaguely. Behind her on the leather-topped writing-table there was a lamp, with a red shade, and standing by the fire was her husband, Claude Hardinge, the eminent counsel, in a chaos of papers and law-books, littered with markers, and scraps of reference and red tape. From the place she held at the window where the heavy crimson curtains were, she could see a circle of soft light reflected on the ivy of the bow-projection from the room next to her husband's. It was Halyard Coombe's room: Coombe, in whose debt she stood so deeply; he who had, in a moment, lost head and what of heart he owned, and had told her he would do for her anything she chose. But that—all that was yesterday, and the day before; but this hour she had come to Plowden Buildings after some tiresome *matinée*, on purpose to tell Claude everything.

Everything? Yes. She was not going to fail. Even to the book of quite impossible sonnets with Coombe's initials in the corner, and—"In memory of the dog-roses and—June."

Even to that night on the terrace at the house, when she and Coombe had

talked sentiment about the stars and their reflection in the river: even to the day when, having recovered from some nervous breakdown, she had gone for a drive towards Twickenham, and had chanced to meet him alone in the summer dusk. But that, with many other things, half pleasant, half foolish, were all over and done with; the illusion—if illusion it were—had died out; she no longer imagined that she cared for Coombe; his attentions no longer fitted in, even partially, the sore gap left by Claude's coldness.

Yes, she would begin again—begin life all over again, from to-night's confession. But could she ever tell him everything? Then Dick's white face, and Dick's desperate appeals to her for help—the call of the only relation she had—came and strengthened her resolution; she was all he had in the world—the younger brother that a dying mother, years ago, had given into her care!

She stood very silently, fingering restlessly the high oak panels, while outside a stray strand of ivy tapped with a ghostly echo on the pane.

Five hundred pounds! It was a big sum—a big debt to owe a stranger. And when she told Claude,—when she broke through the reserve of the last seven dreary months, and told the story of poor Dick's wildness and her own anxiety for him,—how her distress on his behalf had made her blind and deaf to what the world would say, would he, then, believe her? Would she see no more in her intimacy with Coombe than her small way of showing gratitude for generosity?

Claude had moved back to the table, and the restless pen scratched on by the glow of the red reading lamp.

Then there came a pause; she felt Claude's eyes upon her, and, even with



"A WOMAN . . . STOOD AT ONE OF THE WINDOWS"

her face turned to the darkening autumn garden without, a warm, soft colour crept up over her delicate face. The little china clock on the shelf struck the hour—just six-thirty; it was one she had given Claude in the idyllically happy fortnight at Cologne when the world was forgotten, and something greater and more powerful than friendship had held them together.

And now she was actually wondering if his belief, his trust, in her should fail; if he should refuse to believe—— But surely his faith in his wife's honour, his acceptance of his wife's word, must be infallible; otherwise. . . . She turned, the soft frou-frou of her gown rustling with a feminine charm of its own over the Indian rugs. She paused, and the glow of the logs fell almost theatrically on the bent head and the golden hair and the sad, shining eyes. Then she touched one of the empty vases on his shelf with a sigh that was partly real, partly assumed.

"Why don't you have any flowers here?" she asked, slowly.

He started and turned. "Flowers? No one gives me any," he said.

"You should like to look at pretty things—it is an education," she laughed.

"So I do." He closed the book of notes at his elbow with a jerk. "I like looking at you," he said dreamily.

She had taken the Parma violets from the laces at her bosom, making them into a posy for one of his vases. From some reason or other her fingers shook as she touched them, and when he spoke again she started and dropped them to the floor.

"Do you know how significant this day is?" he asked. She turned, flushing slightly.

"No! How?" she said in a low tone.

The quill he held was being torn into shreds.

"This is our anniversary," he muttered. She coloured vividly and painfully.

"Our—*what?*"

He did not look at her as he replied: "Our wedding-day. A year ago."

"Only twelve months!" she said. He laughed, but very mirthlessly.

"Your tone is complimentary—so you have found the time hang fire?"

There was a long, dead silence.

Out beyond there, where the white mist was beginning to lose itself in the coming November twilight, a tug on the river was snorting and screaming, threading her way through barges and boats. The noise of the vast world without crept up, softened by the distance and the dusk, into the quiet room.

She crossed to his side quickly till she stood behind his chair.

"Stop writing a moment, Claude. I want to speak to you."

Her eyes fell on the brief he was apparently correcting. It was upside down. Almost tenderly, but very diffidently, she laid her hand on the dark head so plentifully sprinkled with grey hairs.

"Is it a conundrum? I am not clever at guessing riddles, Kate."

She did not answer for a moment.

"It is a confession," she said lightly, "a request for absolution."

He whitened obviously.

"Nothing overwhelming, I trust, dear. I am not in the mood for tragedy. Besides, it is our—our—red-letter day . . . ."

His tone was jesting, but his eyes as he raised them were miserable. There was a bust of Plato opposite him, and an old print of Louis Philippe, and one of Viscount Esher and Lord Palmerston; years hence he will see them all as he saw them at that moment; and they will recall to him this hour, this scrap of life, this interlude.

"I am labouring," she began breathlessly, "under the conviction that you are misunderstanding my position towards yourself, and—and—your friend, Halyard Coombe. You will be surprised that I speak of the subject; still more surprised when I tell you—when you hear——" Her voice broke and stopped. Looking up he saw two big tears falling slowly down her face. He looked away again and frowned.

"Go on," he said huskily.

She steadied herself with an effort.

"You remember about Dick? And how I told you that at Oxford he was

spending more than he had? And how, when I used to speak of it, you said you had no sympathy, no patience, with boys of his stamp, and that—that you would never make yourself party to his extravagances, by advancing money for him to waste——”

The glow of the dying fire fell almost dramatically across her face as she stood there, lending it a colour that it did not own.

He turned and spoke impatiently.

“You will pardon me when I say that I fail to see your reasons for dragging me in this, I must say, painful subject——”

“Listen then!” The words were almost a cry. “You *must* see! You *must* have guessed! Coombe had money—a legacy, I believe—that he did not want directly. It was five hundred. I know that it was foolish—blind—unorthodox! I should have gone to you again, only I did not think that you would help me, and Dick—Dick was wanting it.” There was a pause. Her voice changed and became dry and hard. “You need not tell me how I have given the world the chance of lying about me; you need not say how I have, by throwing myself upon his generosity, allowed Coombe to consider me—to speak—to think——” She covered her face with both cold hands. “But you understand? You see now? You believe me?” The questions came in rough, harsh sobs.

He had risen to his feet and drew his damp hand across his feelingless forehead. The iciness and the fever of it seemed to be eating through into his very being. The little Cologne clock filled up the hush: that and the tapping of the ivy outside and the falling-in of the fire. She went nearer to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

“You do not *doubt* me?”

With obvious difficulty the words came in broken gasps and fragments.

“It would not be the first time,” he laughed loudly.

So the failure of the infallible had come at last!

“You do not believe me?”

The words were almost an appeal. She looked up in his sere face, lined

and altered, scared and greyed, ten years older than he had been the day she married him.

There was a sob that was only half aloud, then a dead hush in the room, saving his heavy steps walking across to the door. When he got there he groped for the handle blindly, as if sight and brain were both confused. Then he turned. “You acted superbly,” he laughed wildly. But outside, in the dark of the chambers’ passage, the laugh, dying away, left his face both grey and cold.

\* \* \* \*

She stood, swaying a little, in the spot where he had left her. Then hope came. He would be sure to see at last that she had spoken truth; his honour for her honour must be as changeless, as eternal as the sun’s path among the clouds. A flush of trust in him, a tender—very foreign—sense of peace, stole over her gradually.

He would come back and beg her pardon. What would follow then? She would not listen to his self-reproaches. They would be friends again at least, if nothing dearer, nothing nearer. It seemed a possibility of life again—of life and all its passion and delight: it seemed a probability of heaven once more. The door opened noisily, and the sound of fresh voices startled her. Coombe and a man called Fane came, talking loudly, into the room.

Very vaguely she knew that Batscan, her husband’s clerk, was with them over there in the strange mistiness of the room’s end; part of her seemed to have gone astray. Then Coombe came up in his easy fashion; told her Fane had come for “somebody on something,” ordered Batscan to shut the door and move the library steps, and suavely expressed his pleasure at finding her in “their ugly old quarters.” It all seemed like a dream to her: she scarcely realised what he said when he lent over her chair, saying how lonely she looked, and suggesting that he should help to keep the ghosts at bay.

Her head seemed troubled and confused: only partly did she notice that Fane, the clerk, had gone, and that the



"HE HELD HER CLOSER"

violets she had dropped to the rug were being tenderly re-tied.

She did not quite know what happened then. All she could remember afterwards, as one recalls the filmy details of a dream, was that Claude had come back looking paper-white, and ill, and grey. She remembered, too, looking from one to the other, starting up as though to explain something, to dispel something that threatened to choke her, and seeing her husband refuse to touch

Coombe's hand. She knew then that some terrible little scene had been going on without her knowing it.

Then silence came again, and Coombe had gone; silence, and Claude, who looked strangely unlike his old self, staring at her from the other side of the fire. Five, ten minutes, came and went. Then something — who can tell one what? — told him the truth.

He did not ask for proof; he saw it written on her face. His belief in her,



though it had for a moment failed, had become his star of life once more. But the painful reserve of months could not be broken through in a moment. "I fancy I was discourteous to you just now," he began lamely; "you may as well be kind enough to forget it. If you knew, as you do not, what it is to love anything—any person—very much, you could understand my want of faith."

It was his apology, but something more. It was a declaration of all that she had mourned so much to lose.

He trusted her, then, after all? The light crept back again into her eyes: she felt as though something had, quite suddenly, filled her cup of peace to overflowing.

She went and put her arms round him, and he, in his turn, held her closer—closer; with his moist eyes searching the dear face they had been hungering to love so long.

Neither spoke aloud: both souls were holding an explanation, a confession. It was their wedding-day, and both remembered it.



COWSLIPS

Photo by Lallie Garret - Charles

# Artists in Sugar

WRITTEN BY JAMES CASSIDY. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

"YOU English people are too fond of doing your work by the ton; you do not study detail sufficiently," said an artist in French confectionery to an inquiring Englishman recently, and there is truth in the remark so far as the average Englishman is concerned. Were we asked to characterise the work of the

hundred people. There is nothing suggestive of the Royal Academy in the approach to the works. The buildings, extending over some five acres, are solid and substantial in appearance, but hardly picturesque, and there is certainly no reason for the visitor to expect to find Fairyland within the weather-beaten walls; yet a veritable world of beauty



JAM BOILING

three nationalities — English, German and French—in a word we should claim strength and durability—iron bars and perspiration—for ourselves, cheapness of production for the German, and artistic quality, which always commands a good price, for the French—and the Swiss. And yet it was in an English factory in a London suburb that we watched the artists in sugar at their marvellous work. Within five minutes' walk from Victoria Park Station in North-East London are the works of Messrs. Clarke, Nickolls and Coombs, employing daily fifteen

and delicate art flourishes there. The better to realise this we ask our readers to untether their imaginations and tour with us through one or two of the factories and watch the practical skill of the artists as they work it out in sugar.

The first department we enter is that where the "Talents" are busy producing all the colours and symmetrical forms of the kaleidoscope by manipulative processes as fascinating as those of the potter who brings from the clay his vessels of graceful form. Exuberantly pouring out the boiled loaf-sugar, after



JAM FINISHING DEPARTMENT

the requisite tints of colour have been added, on to a slab, a workman throws it again and again over a large and strong hook standing out from the wall. This imparts to it a silver sheen, such as distinguishes the familiar satin pralines. Taking in his hands (all the best confectionery is hand-made) the "pulled" sugar, variously coloured and flavoured, the artist manipulates it with a touch here and a pinch there until his four-sided bar of sugar becomes slightly pyramidal in form. Putting together several of these figures, and rolling them round in a blanket of chocolate-coloured, chocolate-flavoured confection — much as needles are packed in hurden cloth to even them — he uses his shears freely and again builds up figures. To the observer who is not an adept in solid geometry, the artist appears

to be working haphazard. That this is not really so is soon apparent by the results. Having wrought his material into a cone-shaped mass some twenty inches round at the base, he commences to pull it out into long, thin, rounded sticks, severing these from the mass into lengths of about twelve inches. Energy and dexterity are called into play, for all this must be done before the confection cools, as it would,

of course, be impossible to work upon a cold and hard material. The slab upon which he works is steam-heated, covered with German board. Now take up a segment of the narrow "Swiss Rock," as the confection is technically termed, and carefully examine it. It measures barely half an inch in diameter, but in the middle is a perfect pattern, an eight-point star, with a Maltese cross, in pink



STILLS FOR ESSENCE MAKING

and red, in the centre. The design, of course, runs right through; it is evenly laid, and beautiful to look at. The artist, anxious that his work should be appreciated, says quickly: "In this Swiss variety I can produce from twenty to thirty different designs. See, here, in heliotrope and white, is a draught-board, or chess-board, which you will: here dominoes, and playing cards; or should you wish to see flowers and fruit, look in the centre of these sticks, and you will find pansies, pears, apples, plums, and delicate wreaths with Maltese crosses all truly portrayed."

At the other end of this department is an ingenious Swiss machine. Watching an intelligent workman as he approaches the ingenious piece of mechanism, we observe that he places a strip of chocolate in position, between sets of divided rollers, which instantly transform it into a necklace of rounded beads, precipitating it on to an oscillating plate, pegged at intervals. The



GUM DEPARTMENT, ROOM NO. 2

oscillation of the plate drives the necklace against the pegs and so severs them one from the other. Should a confection in the form of a fruit, a pear, or cherry be required, other sets of small rollers are supplied and a new impression results.

Before passing on to inspect the artistic work of the French Department, we gather some information as to sugar-boiling. "For high-class work we must have a beautiful transparency in the sugar we handle. This transparency is lost where sugar is boiled in open pans; the atmospheric gases must therefore be

excluded. Vacuum pans are used, varying in capacity from that in which two and a-half hundredweights of sugar are boiled at a time, to that into which six hundredweights are thrown. The sugar remains in the vacuum pans for twenty minutes."

"But pardon, Monsieur, we come to visit your French Department."

Over the nineteen large rooms which make up the "French" factory presides a highly-



GUM DEPARTMENT, ROOM NO. 1



PREPARING COCOA-NUTS

intelligent, vivacious, and able Frenchman.

"I am delighted to find that the English people appreciate real French flavours and designs," he says. "We Frenchmen do not work for low money; but then our confections are the best in the world. We study our work; we spare no pains; we are masters of our art."

We might feel inclined to consider these phrases as merely belonging to the native French *mon propre* were it not for the inexhaustible demonstrations of beauty and art shown us by Monsieur.

"I should like to show you my band of lady artists," says our guide as we enter a roomy and well-lighted apartment, "and some of their work."

Seated before long benches we observe six or seven nicely dressed girls, presided over by a tall, slender young

lady of intelligent countenance and active movements. Each artist holds in her fingers a small brush. Before her lie the forms upon which she is to paint the designs according to instruction. The confections are made of the finest almond paste, and the paint used is perfectly harmless, being prepared in the firm's own laboratory from vegetable colours. It would have been quite easy to mis-

take the room and its busy occupants for one of the ceramic art studios, either in Lambeth or in Derby or in Worcester, except that china, however artistically treated, could never look quite as appetising.

"While we are remarking upon harmless colours," said Monsieur, "I should like to tell you something concerning this green shade here." The shade referred to is a pale green, with the most



ALMOND SORTING



delicate golden tinge prevailing. "The Scotch are dreadful people, really worse than you English; they imagine, because the colour is such an attractive green, that it is obtained from a deleterious substance—say arsenic. Well, do you know that I am going to prove to you that in that particular shade no artificial colour is added. Listen now.

From the South of France we import tons upon tons of pistachio nuts. *Regardez-vous!* Here we have the nuts. Break one; you will at once observe that it is green, *that* green, throughout. Well, the pistachio nut, which is neither more nor less than a green almond, is ground up, and mixed with sugar. It is then decorated and built up into forms such as you see before you. So much for the prevailing prejudice! Do I say prevailing? That is scarcely the word, for the prejudice is fast dying out, and the



SORTING SWEETS

demand for these natural-tinted confections is daily increasing, even amongst the Scotch. The pistachio nut is much valued in Paris, seven francs a pound being frequently paid by French confectioners in that city, who know its worth."

Leaving the band of artists, in the course of our tour we came upon individual artists. Here was one at work decorating maple pyramids with walnuts and surmounting them with silver globes. Nearly thirty different sorts of maple

goods are hand-decorated in this room. There was a careful worker decorating marzipan with icing, by means of an icing tool. The marzipan is composed of ground blanched almonds and fine loaf-sugar, icing of white of egg and sugar; and this is put on in a variety of outlines. Crystallised sugar is subsequently sifted over the icing, and a dew-like glitter results.

Amongst the many dainty morsels



PAN ROOM

produced under the direction of Monsieur are those known by the class name of Fourre's Liqueurs. The best-liked are, perhaps, the Kirsch, Curaçoa, Maraschino, Benedictine, Chartreuse, Kummel, &c. The liqueurs are run out into starch moulds, left for twelve hours to become crusted, and then taken from the moulds and dipped in fondant cream, and flavoured and crystallised.

"In imparting the fruit flavours, we, as Frenchmen, endeavour to retain the full rich flavour of the fruit. Our object is to leave the fruit undamaged," said Monsieur. And the French method of preparation is certainly unequalled. By

as he severed another fantastic shape. In a moment we had pronounced it "cassis" (black-currant), and as fresh and delicate as though it had that moment been gathered from the tree. Lemon, orange, and other fruit flavours were equally as well preserved, thanks to that capacity for taking infinite pains which the French possess so notably. An illustration of the effects produced by the apt combination of chocolate and gold we found in the "Crown Jubilee Satin Pralines." The *tout ensemble* of these novel confections is unique, arresting, and gratifying. Around an oblong figure of carmine-tinted chocolate is a



FRENCH DEPARTMENT: FANCY ROOM

this method the whole fruit is put through a sieve with a flat piece of wood, bottled, and securely sealed, and then either sulphured or boiled for a certain number of hours. By the English method the fruit, too, often loses the fineness of its flavour in the boiling. Opening a box of the finest French chocolates, which it seemed almost a sin to disturb, so artistic were both the box and its contents, our painstaking guide selected a raspberry flavour 'framboise', and, deftly cutting the sweet in half, withdrew the centre from its chocolate shell, requesting us to taste.

"It is a perfect raspberry; it might this moment have been plucked from the cane," was our comment. "Now distinguish this flavour," said Monsieur,

band of true gold colour. On either side of this central belt is impressed a crown. The interior of the confection—the soul of the sweet, so to term it—is *le noyât mou* soul. Body and draping must all be of the same temperature when the artist works upon them, otherwise something very inartistic is the result.

But here we arrive upon a different scene. We might be in Covent Garden, or, better still, in the land of flowers, golden sunshine, and gentle zephyrs. Lilies, double camellias, narcissus, marguerites, roses, and other lovely forms, surmounted by delicate green leaves, lie here, there, and everywhere.

A hundred scents perfume the air and involuntarily we raise one of the flowers

to inhale the scent, so perfect is the imitation. No finer work is produced, even in La Belle France, than that we saw in this department of one of London's largest confectionery factories.

Leaving the French quarters we proceed to visit a very interesting artist, and one who, while he compels our admiration, commands our sympathy from the sad fact that he is both deaf and dumb. His work consists in producing mosaic patterns in almond-paste. In spite of the fact that he is deprived of the powers of speech and hearing, he is wonderfully intelligent, and his expressive eyes ask and answer questions with astonishing ease. Understanding by a glance that we desired to see him at work, he quickly and dexterously operated upon some small bars of marzipan, kneading them and working them up into shape, placing them together, and finally, after a series of clippings and manipulations, handing us a section of the finished whole, which revealed a mosaic, perfect in form as any in the Egyptian Hall at the Crystal Palace.

All was done so unassumingly, so sensibly, and withal so well, that we acknowledged that art works entirely

independently of two, at least, out of the five senses.

And now, as we are moved hither and thither, and from one department to another, we noticed gaily dressed damseis bending attentively over dainty ribbons as they deftly tied a bow or fastened securely a rosette. Each was ready cheerfully to untie or unfasten the decoration to reveal the colour and symmetry within. One of these, called the "Crown Jubilee Fancy Box," was decidedly unique. "Every sweet is a crown," said the artist. "You see here chocolates, almond-paste and fondants, richly and prettily embellished, and as I have already said, every one is shaped as a crown."

Were it not that our title confines us to "Artists in Sugar," we should go on to describe "Artist Box-makers"; as it is we close our sketch by referring readers to the illustrations accompanying our article, merely observing that neither pictures nor words nor both together can do anything like justice to the Fairy-land of Beauty within these confectionery works at Hackney Wick.

The photos illustrating this article are by Soper and Stedman, Strand.





**THE GIPSY QUEEN**

Drawn by J. Ley Pethybridge

## *The Fashions of the Month*

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FIG. 1



FIG. 2

1.—THIS is a princess gown of black cloth with a collar and waistband of Parma violet velvet. The left side has also a plastron of the same coloured velvet strapped across with cloth. Six gold buttons ornament these straps. The sleeves are perfectly tight-fitting, and have twelve tucks from the shoulder down.

2.—Redingote of purple cloth, with large storm collar, revers, cuffs and muff of chinchilla. Picture felt hat trimmed with velvet to correspond.





FIG. 3

3.—White satin ball costume, covered over entirely with jetted net. The corsage has a pouched front and a berthe of celestial fox fur. Black velvet band encircles the neck with a diamond ornament thereon.



FIG. 4

4.—Yellow satin dinner dress. The skirt is trimmed with two large flounces of Valenciennes lace. The bodice is also draped with the same beautiful lace, and edged round the neck with black ribbon velvet, a piece being tied lightly round the throat. Streamers of purple ribbon on the left-hand side of the bodice, and long transparent sleeves with falls of Valenciennes lace for the wrist. Pointed waist-belt of purple velvet, the front being finished with a large diamond buckle.



FIG. 5

5.—This extremely picturesque costume would be eminently suitable for a "Lady Gay Spanker." It might be effectively carried out in a soft, dove-coloured cashmere, broderé with silver braid. A picturesque hat of white felt with band of jewelled ribbon, and a cluster of long yellow and white ostrich feathers.



FIG. 6

6.—This charming theatre coat could be admirably carried out in white brocade with a bold pattern of purple orchids. Storm collar and stole front of dark Russian sable. A rather new finish to the sleeves, which are small, is formed by four tucks.

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7.—Pink satin evening toilette, veiled in black net studded with jet motifs and silver sequins. Transparent sleeves of the net only; the top of the sleeves being ornamented with pink velvet chou and purple pansies. Band of pearls round the neck with diamond pendant, and pink aigrette to be worn in the hair fastened with a diamond slide.



FIG. 7



FIG. 8

8.—This very chic costume for visiting is made of powder-blue poplin. A yoke effect is simulated by a narrow edging of beaver, as represented in the picture, which is continued down the front to the waist-belt of velvet of a corresponding shade. Black hat trimmed with a profusion of the now prevailing long ostrich feathers. Chou of blue velvet under the brim.